

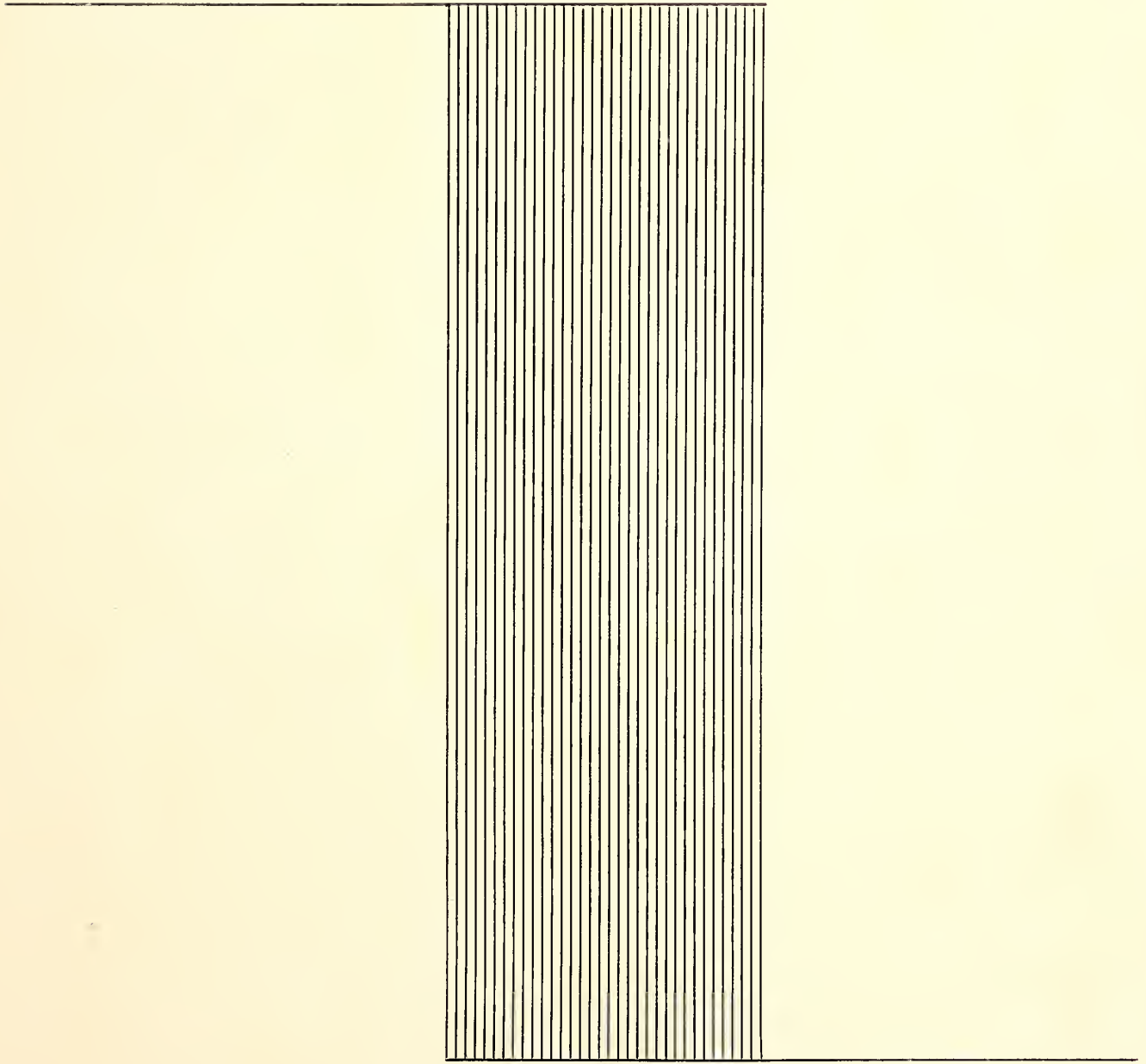
JUNE
1933



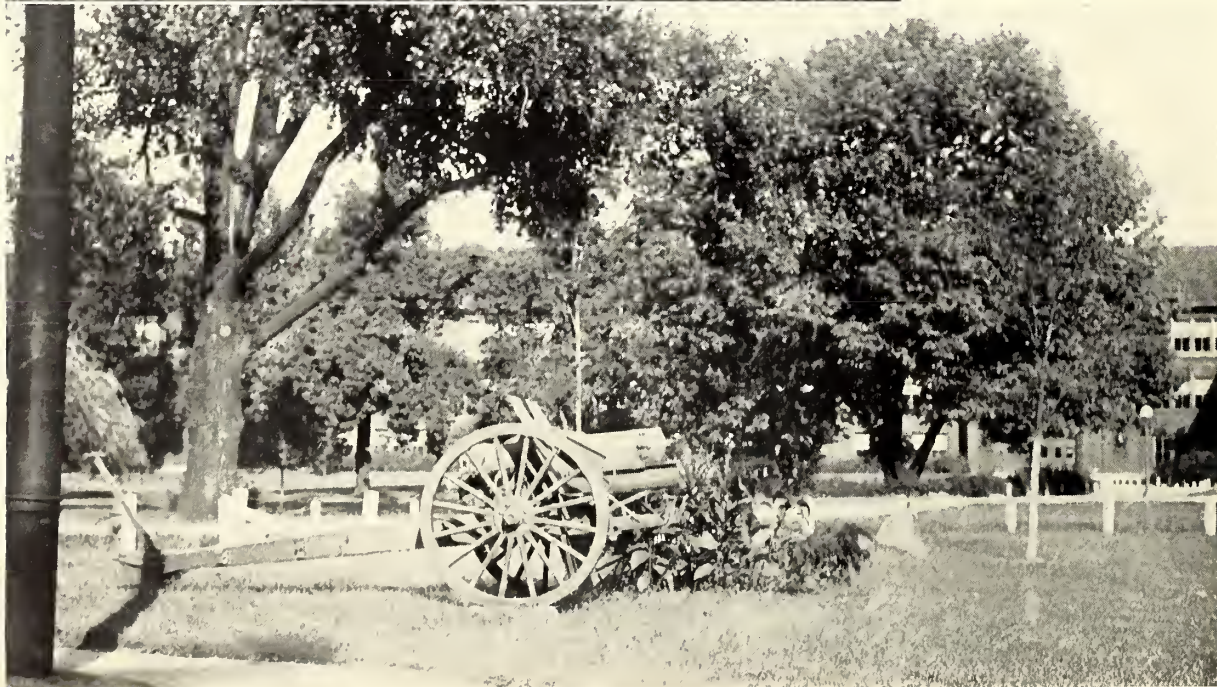
ROBERT WHITE

THE ARSENAL CANNON

the ARSENAL CANNON
I S S U E S I X T E E N
V O L U M E F O R T Y - O N E



ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
JUNE NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE



Lowering clouds bring the Arsenal into bold relief
Etching its warm sturdiness against their rumbling grey.



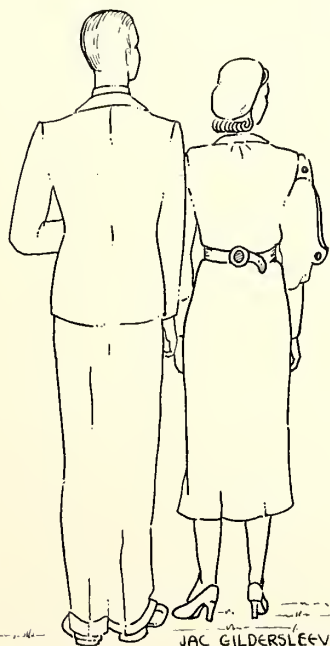
A warm wind breathes the sweetness of wild flowers and new cut grass
While lilac and redbud fling banners on this field.



DEWITT S. MORGAN, Principol of the Arsenal Technicol Schools

THE KEYSTONE OF TECH 1865-1933

We dedicote this mogozine to the spirit of the Open Door exemplified in this original portol of the Arsenal Technical Schools — for twenty-one years on open door to education for oll youth who desired to enter in quest of knowledge ond training; ofter groduotion on open door that leads to life's greater opportunities.



We see the vision of our City Beautiful
 Gleaming in the white sunlight of a summer mornning,
 Its fine spires, massive manuments, and sturdy affice
 tawers
 Ever grawing, beckaning us.
 From the archway we laak Westward and know
 we shall saan be a part of the City,
 Building new spires, tearing away old ugliness,
 Changing the Vision of the City far those who come
 after.

R O L L R O O M 1 9 2



PAUL TRUNER
PRESIDENT



FANNIE ATKINSON
VICE PRESIDENT



RUTH BANDY
SECRETARY



HENRY GREIDER
TREASURER



HOWARD CHALLE
SERGEANT AT ARMS

R O L L R O O M 1 3 9



ROBERT GRAYES
PRESIDENT



HAZEL FISHER
VICE PRESIDENT



MILDRED CUMMINGS
SECRETARY



JOHN LICK
TREASURER



CHARLES FISHER
SERGEANT AT ARMS

R O L L R O O M 1 7 3



ROBERT HICKMAN
PRESIDENT



LOIS HENDERSON
VICE PRESIDENT



EVA GRACE HALL
SECRETARY



ALFRED KIERST
TREASURER



COREY HENDERSON
SERGEANT AT ARMS

R O L L R O O M 7 W



TOM MALTBIIE
PRESIDENT



EDITH MARIE OVERFREE
VICE PRESIDENT



MARGORTHE MASON
SECRETARY



FRANK NALTY
TREASURER



HARRY MADISON
SERGEANT AT ARMS

R O L L R O O M 7 A



RALPH SIMPSON
PRESIDENT



MARIE SCHINDEWOLF
VICE PRESIDENT



EDNA SMITH
SECRETARY



ANTHONY PETRIC
TREASURER



CHARLES SAGE
SERGEANT AT ARMS

R O L L R O O M 6



JAMES WELLER
PRESIDENT



MARY E. WILLIAMS
VICE PRESIDENT



MARY E. WOODS
SECRETARY



EDWARD WISCHMEYER
TREASURER



KENNETH STRATMAN
SERGEANT AT ARMS



PEARL ABBOTT



ANNE ABRAMS



HELEN AIL



FANNIE ALMIE



JULIA ALBRIGHT



JAMES ALI



DOROTHEA ALIANSO



MARJORIE ALLEN



EDWIN ALLENDER



ELLEN ANDERSON



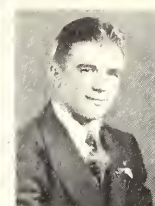
FRANK ANDERSON



LA VERNE ANDERSON



RUBY ANDERSON



JOHN ARMENTOFF



ALBERT ARNOLD



EVA MAE ASHCROFT



JOHN ATKINSON



ROBERT MUNN



FINE BARRIE



GEORGE BARRIE



BEATRICE BAILEY



LUCILLE BAILEY



GLENN BARKER



WARREN BALDWIN



ROSE MARIE BALES



LILLIAN BALL



NORMAN BALLINGER



WILLIAM BALLINGER



MARY HELEN BANCROFT



ROBERT RANDY



ALBERT H. BANIEL



MARY FRANCES BARLOW



EUGENE BARNSELL



MARY JANE BARNETT



CHARLES BARTH



LAWRENCE BARTON



WALTER BASSETT



MADE BATISTA



GORDON BAULI



PAUL BAUMANN



ROGER BAWINGER



FRANCES BEATH



CLAYTON BEATTY



GRACE BEATTY



LINDEN BEATTY



VERNON BEAVER



JOSEPH BECHEM



DAVID BEHR



RANDALL BENKE



WILLIAM BELCHER



MABEL BELL



ARLENE BELL



JEAN BELL



WILLIAM BERGER



DOROTHEA BERNER



HELEN BERLING



DOROTHY BINK



ANNA BINK



HELEN BISHOI



JOHN BLACKWELL



ESTHER BLAKE



MADLEINE BOCK



MILDRED BOND



CATHERINE BOOTH



CATHERINE BORING



EVELYN BOTTEMA



RICHARD ESTELLE



ROBERT BOWMAN



LESLIE BRADLEY



DORIS MAE BRADY



MARGARET BRETTEBACH



CHARLOTTE BREMER



DOROTHY BUCKLEY



FRANK BROTHERS



JACK BRIDWELL



GEORGE BRIGGS



EUGENE BRINER



ROBERT BRINKMAN



JANITA BROMLEY



IVAN BROTHERS



ARNOLD BROWN



CHARLES BROWN



HARLAN BROWN



HELEN MABLE BROWN



WILLIAM BROWN



NOLAN BROWN



ROBERT BROWN



EDNA BROWN



VIRGINIA BROWN



WILLIAM A. BROWN



WILLIAM BROWNING



FRANCES BRYANT



RUTH CLARK



EVELYN BUCHANAN



MARGARET BUCKLES



WALLACE BUNTING



DONALD BIEGE



WILLIS ELCH



CAMPUS SCENE IN FRONT OF THE MAIN



MARY BURKE



NED BURKHARDT



ELIZABETH BURKE



HILDRED BURNETT



JASMINE BUSH



ROSEMARY BYRKET



MARGORIE BYRUM



ROBBIE CAIN



MEREDITH CALDWELL



STANLEY CALK



CLARABEL CALLAWAY



CHESTER CAMPBELL



JAMES CAMPBELL



SAMUEL CARAWAY



PAUL CARRAUGH



BETTE CARMICHAEL



MARCO ANN CARR



RUTH CARR



JOHN CARREL



CLEO CARTER



MAYNE CAYE



BERNARD CEDERHOLM



RUDY CESSER



HOWARD CHANDLER



CLYDE CHARNSTROM



MARY CHESTER



ELSLIE CHUPP



FLEANNOR CLAMPT



ELIZABETH CLARK



GLENN CLARK



MARVELLEA CLARK



ARTHUR CLARKE



HARRIETTE CLOSSON



RALPH COFFEY



ARTHUR COHEE



ROLLAND COLE



JAMES COLEMAN



PAUL COLIER



JAMES COLLINS



ETHEL COOK



IRVING COOSFIELD



HAROLD COOPER



VERA COPE



FLORENCE CORBOZ



LYDIA FANE CORBURY



OSSIE CORRELL



JUNE F. COX



LAUREL COX



VIRGINIA COX



VINCENT CRAIG



HELEN CRAFT



DORIS CRAIG



HARLAN CRAIG



HARTFORD CRESS



JEANNETTE CRESS



JACK CRONN



HENRIETTA CROOK



MAYNE CROUCH



ROBERT CROUCH



CHARLENE CUMMINS



CAROLINE CURRIE



HELEN DARINGER



SPRING TRANSFORMS THE COTTAGEBOOD



DOROTHY M. DAVIS



HOMER DAVIS



VERNON DAVIS



DEO DAWSON



MILO DEHART



VERNON DENKER



DOROTHY DENNIS



JEAN DETAR



JOE DETER



DONALD DICK



CLARENCE DICKS



FELINE DINGLE



DONAS DISCHINGER



DEARMAND DOEHZ



EILEEN DOLL



MARCELINE DORN



FRED DREIER



EARL DUCKERT



EVERETT DUSEN



GLENN DUSS



LEROY DUSING



EMORY DUVALLE



BARBARA DYAR



EVERETT DYE



JOSEPH DYE



ROBERT DYER



ELIZABETH FAIR



GILBERT EASLEY



FRANCIS EBERLE



DOROTHY EDGEMOIR



EDWARD EDWARDS



ELEANOR EDWARDS



LEROY EDWARDS



JOHN EGGER



HERBERT FISHMAN



VIOLET FLIER



JULIE FLESHOOD



RALPH ELVERS



MARGARET EMBURY



ELIZABETH ENNINGER



ROBERT ENGHART



FRANK ERATH



THE SWAMPY PATH AMONG POLES & TREES



HELEN EIBER



FRED ELMWOOD



ROBERT ERWOOD



MARTHA ESTHER



DOROTHY ECHLASON



FRANK ETTER



DOROTHY EDDY



GAYLORD EVANS



MARTHA EVERBROD



DOROTHY EGAN



FRANK FAHLE



GRACE FAIRCHILD



KIARSTE FAIN



JOHN FARGO



JOE FAGETTI



RAYO FALKNER



ALFRED FERGUSON



JOE FERGUSON



GLENN FERRIES



PAT FESSLER



BEASETA FIELDS



NORMAN FIELDS



JUNE FISCHER



BITA HENE FISHER



JOHN FITCH



THOMAS FITZWATER



JOSEPH FLAIS



GLADYS FLEMING



RUSSELL FLEMING



HARRIETTE FLOWERS



JOSEPHINE FORRESTER



NORMAN FORLEMAN



KATHRYN FOOTE



CECIL FOSTER



GHELLA FOSTER



ALBERT FOTTERS



WILLIAM FOX



WILLIAM FRAME



MARJORIE FREEMAN



HELEN FREDE



RUBY FRITH



DOROTHY FULLER



MARY LOUISE FULTZ



FRANCIS FUNKE



HOLLISTER GAHAN



LOUIS GASKA



CLARENCE GAMPFINGER



JEANNETTE GARRETT



LOUISE GARRIOT



DON GARVIN



LEONARD CASAWAY



CAROL GIESLER



CHARLOTT GEORGE



ELBERT GIBBS



FREEMAN GIBBS



THELMA GIBBS



JACK GLEDITSCHAL



EDWARD GILL



MILDRED GILL



ROBERT GILLESPIE



GERTRUDE GITHENS



THURMAN GLADWIN



AT THE BEND IN THE RIVER



FRANCIS GLASS



ROBERT GODDY



MARJORIE GOLDSBOROUGH



JAMES GOODYEAR



JACK GORRY



MARIEMMA GORMAN



RICHARD GRAY



VIRGINIA GRAY



ARCHIE GREEN



ROBERT GREEN



EVELYN GREEN



JEAN GREENLEE



DORIS GREENWOOD



THELMA GREENWOOD



JOHN GREPP



JOHN GREFFY



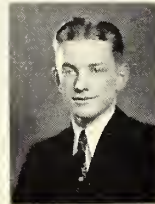
BERNARD GRIFFIN



JAMES GROGG



MARIAN GROGG



EDWARD GRINDSTAFF



GEORGE GRISWOLD



HARRY GRISWOLD



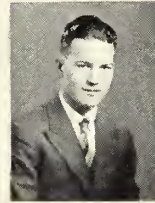
FRED GRONAUER



OLIVER GROSS



DEWEY GROVES



WALTER GRUBA



VINCENT GRUMMETT



DONALD GUELEY



KENNETH GUMBEL



JACK LUSSELL



DOROTHY G. HENSCH



MARY JANE G. HIRTH



WILL G. HIRTH



KENDALL GWINN



DOROTHY HAYS



DORIS HACKLESMAN



CLAY HALL



EDNA HALL



WAYNE HALL



ELIZABETH HALLETT



JACK HAMAKER



MARY ELLA HAMMAN



ON THE PATH TO THE NATURE RESERVE



EMILY HAMPTON



BETTY HANCOCK



ELSWORTH HANSEN



FRANCES HANDY



JAMES HANKINS



EDNA HANSEN



FRANK HARPER



FLOYD HARDESTY



EILEEN HARDING



WAYNE HARMAN



RAY HARMS



ERNEST HARRISON



FLORENCE HARRISON



LEE HART



DORIS HARTLEY



RAYMOND HARTSCH



RALPH HARWOOD



GEORGE HASSENZAH



GORDON HASTINGS



ESTHER HAVENER



JACK HAWK



DOROTHY HEATH



KATHERINE HEDGES



WILLIAM HEDGES



CARL HEIDEHMAN



JOHN HELMS



MARY HENDERSON



CATHERINE HUNSINGER



EDNA HERMAN



LEON HERRON



FLORENCE HESTER



BERT HESTERBERG



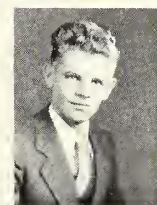
MARGARET HETHERINGTON



DOROTHEA HICKEY



IRMA HICKMAN



JAMES HICKMAN



THOMAS HICKMAN



ALFRED HILDEBRANDT



EDNA HIELMAN



DOROTHY HINCHMAN



RUTH HINCHMAN



JAMES HINER



ESTHER HIPS



RICHARD HIPPI



JOHN HOBBS



DOROTHY HOFF



GLENN HOFFERT



HARRELL HOLMAN



EDWARD HOLMISTER



MARTHA HOLMISTER



FRANK HOKÉ



MATTHEW HOLLANSWORTH



RUSSELL HOLLENBECK



MILDRED HOLLINGER



JOHN HOLLINGSWORTH



LUCY HOLLINGSWORTH



ROBERT HOLLINGSWORTH



JEROME HOLMAN



NORMAN HOMER



HENRY HOOPER



WILLIS HOSTETLER



RAY HOUSHELL



THE CATHEDRAL PATH TO THE FOREMAN



JOHN HOUTS



MERRIAM HOWENSTINE



THOMAS HUDCINS



MAXINE HUDSON



ALBERT HUGHES



EVELYN HUTS



RICHARD HUMPHREYS



HORACE HUNDLEY



EVELYN HURT



WAYNE HUSTON



WILLIAM IBEL



ROBERT IMHOFF



MAURICE IRELAND



ROLAND IRWIN



JOSEPH ISHAM



TINA LEE JACKSON



THEODORA JAMES



RAYMOND JENNINGS



DOROTHY JESSUP



ALICE JEWELL



CHARLES JOHNSON



GEORGE E. JOHNSON



GEORGE J. JOHNSON



HELEN JOHNSON



LOIS JOHNSON



RITA JOHNSON



SHIELDS JOHNSON



VERNON E. JOHNSON



ELIZABETH JONES



FREDA JONES



KATHRYN JONES



THOMAS JONES



ROY JORDAN



CALVIN KAMMERLING



DOROTHY KARLIER



FRANK KATAM



GEORGE KATZENBERGER



JOHN KAUFMAN



WILMA KEELIN



HELEN KETTER



JACKSON KEITH



RICHARD KELLAM



LOOKING WESTWARD FROM THE ARSENAL



LYOUD KETTER



DENTON KELLY



ELSIE KENNEDY



RUSSELL KENNEDY



CARL F. KENNER



GRETCHEN KERN



GENAVIVA KESSINGER



PAUL KESSLER



RALPH KETTER



BERTHA KIMBER



RONALD KIMBRICK



CORNELIA KINGSLEY



THELMA KINGSTON



HERBERT KINSEY



BARBARA KIRKHAM



RUTH KISER



CASPER KIEGEEN



RUTH KLINGMAN



LOIS KNIGHT



MARY KNOWLES



CHARLES KOELLING



DOROTHY KOTROWSKI



HAROLD KOTROWSKI



PAUL KOTROWSKI



ALFRED KRAUS



LEWIS KRAUS



CHARLES KREC



PAUL KURLITZ



LEONA KUHN



MARY ANN KUMMER



JOHN KISKEL



JAMES LACKEY



EDNA LEARY



MARIE LAKEY



SAMUEL LAMAR



ROBERT LAMME



RAYMOND LAMBERT



RAYMOND LANDERS



VIRGINIA LANDGRAF



HARLAN LANE



JAMES LANEY



PAUL LANCE



ROBERT LANKFORD



JACK LARMAY



JAMES LASHBROOK



MARIE LAWRENCE



JOHN LEASE



EARL LEE



ELFRED LEE



LANN LEE



MARY LOUISE LEE



ROBERT E. LEE



MARGARET LEWELLYN



HERBERT LEYENDECKER



VIRGINIA LIGHT



KEITH LINDAMOOD



BRANDT LINSENBUTTER



RALPH LLOYD



CHESTER LOCKARD



CLARA LOHMAN



WALTER LOMAN



THELMA LONG



SPRING RAIN AWAKENS THE QUADRANGLE



LENORA LONGRICH



PAULINE LOOS



MARGARET LOUDON



HAROLD LOWLESS



EDWARD LOWE



ALICE LUCAS



MARY LUTAS



DAVID LUEDEMANN



VIVIAN LUND



HERMAN LYNCH



FRANCIS McALLEY



FRANCES McALLAN



CLARA MCCLOSKEY



MARY MCCULLOCH



ALBERT MCGIBBON



MARJORY MCGINNIS



DONNA MCDERMICK



ELIZABETH MCCOY



NOLAN MCKEE



THOMAS MCCREARY



BENJAMIN MCDANIEL



CHESTER MCDERMOTT



ADA MCDOWELL



JEROME MCELVANY



JACK MCEWEN



VIRGINIA MCINTIRE



HERBERT MCKEE



DOROTHY MCKINNEY



VICTOR MCKINNEY



MARIAN MCLEAN



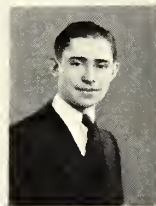
GLENN MCLEAN



JEAN MCNASSY



ROBERT MCTERNAN



WILLIS MAY



MURIEL MAYER



RUTH MAEDER



VIRGINIA MAIER



ROBERT MALLESS



ERNEST MALLORY



EDGAR MANILE



CAROL MANTLEY



MARTHA JEAN MANN



EVEN AFTERNOON SHADOWS IN SPRING



DOROTHEA MAPLE



JEANNE MARKS



HARRY MARSHALL



VOLT VIRGINIA MATHES



WILBUR MATTHEWS



JESSEADEN MAURICE



ELLA MAYER



BERTA FAY MAYES



MAE MAYNARD



THEODORE MEYNSE



WILLIAM MELLENDER



IRVING MENDENHALL



EARL MERRIFIELD



JAMES MERHMAN



RICHARD MERHMAN



ALBERT MEYERS



DOROTHY MEYERS



JOSEPHINE MEYERS



HARRY MIEDEMA



MARY KATHRYN MILES



LAMONT MILEY



ALICE MILLER



DON MILLER



EVELYN MILLER



GEORGE MILLER



HARRY MILLER



HELEN MILLER



JAMES MILLER



ROSALYN MILLER



THOMAS MILLER



PHYLLIS MILLER HOLLAND



LOUISE MITCHELL



OSCAR MITCHELL



WILLIAM MOFFETT



FRANCES MOHR



DON MONEY



CARL MONTGOMERY



ARTHUR R. MOORE



HUDSON MOORE



IVAN MOORE



ORVIN MOORE



BURTON MORGAN



DOROTHY MORRIS



QUINTELLA MORRIS



MARY MORRISON



RAY MOYER



LENA MUELLER



DORRIS MURRAY



ROY NEAL



JAMES NEALE



WOODROW NEAL



EDNA NELSON



RICHARD NEWMAN



NANCY NEWLAND



MARIAN NEWMIER



CHARLES NICHOLAS



FREDA NIEMEYER



FREDRICK NIEMEYER



JOHN OAKLEY



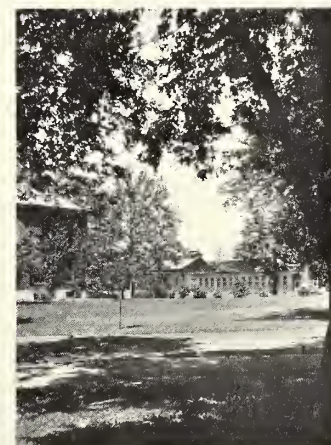
VIRGINIA OAKLEY



GOLDIE OBERLE



RICHARD OTSONELL



IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD MAPLE TREES



ROBERT A. O'CONNELL



MARY F. OGDEN



CLIFFORD OGLESBY



ISLA OLDDHAM



THELMA OLVEY



KENNETH O'NEILL



ROBERT OTTY



ROBERT OTTENBACHER



RILEY OWENS



EDWARD PAGE



GEORGIA PATRICK



CAROLYN PAINE



FRANCIS PALIKAN



DENISE PARMENTER



ROBERT PARR



CARRIETTA PARRY



VELMA PARSLEY



BERNADEEN PATRICK



EDYTHE PATRICK



FRANCES PATTERSON



FRANCES PATTON



JOSEPH PANNI



WILLIAM PEED



MARY MARGARET PEIN



RUTH PERKINS



DOROTHY E. PERRY



DOROTHY M. PERRY



CLEO PHILLIPS



LEROY PHILLIPS



LUCILE PHILLIPS



RUTH PHILLIPS



MARION PHILIPS



DEWESE PICKERING



LOUISE PICKERING



FLORENCE PHIL



ROBERT PIGG



EDITH PIPPIN



EBERT POIRCH



THELMA POIRLER



LAUVON POIRQUIN



FRANK POLLARD



JOHN POLLARD



CROSS THE BRIDGE TO THE TENNIS COURTS



MARGORIF POPE



ROY POPE



VIOLET PORTER



PAUL POWELL



THELMA POWELL



RALPH PRATHER



CHARLES FRISICLE



ALBERT PUGH



THELMA PUGH



MARY ELLEN FURNELL



EMMA PITT



JAMES QUINN



JAMES RABIER



JEANETTE RAFFERTY



ERNESTINE RAGDALE



CHARLES RANDALL



JANET RANDOLPH



FRANCES RUSEFF



DORIS RAY



JOSEPH RAYMAN



ROSE RAYMAN



WILLIAM REAGER



HELEN REBECK



MARGARET REED



EDWARD REES



DOROTHY REINKEN



ROSEMARY REINHOLD



LAWRENCE RISER



MARTHA REYNOLDS



MARY RIVA



GEORGE RICHARDSON



RICHARD RICKELS



JEANNE RIDDLE



DOROTHY RIEGEL



VIRGINIA RINGO



GRANT ROBBINS



HELEN ROBERTS



OTIS ROBERTS



RICHARD ROBERTS



ALBERT ROBERTSON



WILLIAM ROBERTSON



RUTH ROBERT



DAVID RODOCKER



LAVARIE ROOD



RUSSELL ROSE-SHEPARD



PHILIP ROSS



ESTHER ROTH



RUTH RUEIRICHSCHECK



IRIS RYTNER



RUTH RUGH



HENRY RUSTON



CHARLES RUSSELL



HARRY RUSSELL



JOHN T. RYAN



ALICE ST. HELENS



ROBERT SAEL



FRANCES SANFORD



ADLINE SAPPINGTON



WILLIAM SASEK



BRENDA SCHUD



PAUL SCHAEFER



VIRGINIA SCHAFFNER



ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE TRACK



NELL SCHIEDEGGER



BETTY SCHELLSCHMIDT



WILLIAM SCHMITZ



NINA SCHROCK



ESTHER SCHUCK



ROBERT SCHUCK



CRYSTAL SCHUMAN



FLORENCE SCHUMANN



WILMA SCHUMANN



JACK SCONCE



CHARLES SCOTT



ESSIE ALICE SCOTT



ROBERT SCOTT



VIOLA SETIZ



LEROY SELLERS



ALGEST SHEARIER



HAROLD T. SHEETS



J. HAROLD SHEETS



MILDRED SHEPHERD



GENEVA SHERWOOD



HOMER SHIELDS



EDNA SHINKLE



RUTH SHINN



NELLIE SHOPTAW



GERALD SHOOK



ROSA SHORT



TOM SHUFFELTON



JOHN SHIMAKE



JAMES SILKNITTER



JEANETTE SIMS



HOWARD SINGER



JOHN SKODA



FRED SKAYTE



ROBERT SLAUGHTER



BETTY JEAN SMITH



DALE SMITH



DONALD SMITH



HELEN SMITH



ELLA SMITH



MERLE SMITH



PHYLLIS SMITH



LOIS SNYDER



BEECH TREES CLAD THE ROAD TO SCHOOL



MAXINE SNYDER



RAYMOND SNYDER



MARY ELSIE SOLERT



KENNETH SOMERS



ISAAC SOMMER



RICHARD SPALDING



JAMES SPARKS



EARL SPAULDING



WALTER SPAULDING



DALE SPECK



MYRTLE SPEER



JUNE SPAROLE



ELLEN STARKBECK



DORIS STARK



WALLACE STEELE



ROBERT STICHTMILLER



HENRY STIEGER



LEROY STEPHENS



ALBERTA STEPHENSON



EUGENE STERRETT



ROBERT STETTLER



LOIS STEVENS



MARY STEVENS



WANDA STEVENS



ROBERT STEWART



BETTY STUTZ



MARJORIE STOCKDALE



GEORGE STOCKWELL



FRANCES STOLL



DAVID STONE



HAZEL STORM



HELEN STOSHITZ



LORETTA STOUT



OTTO STOVALL



ROBERT STEADLEY



VIRGINIA STRANG



EARL STROTHER



FLORENCE STUCKER



MARY STUEKEN



ROBERT STURM



JOHN L. SULLIVAN



MARJETTE SULLIVAN



ROBERT ST. MICHEL



HESTER SUTTON



ELLEN SWARTZ



ZELLA SWISSHEIM



DOROTHY SYBER



FLORENCE SZARKOWSKI



WILLIAM SZARKOWSKI



CHARLOTTE TAGOMA



ROSEBELLE TAYLOR



ROBERT K. TAYLOR



ROBERT W. TAYLOR



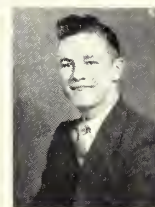
EMIL TEARE



GEORGE TEMLIN



DARRELL TEN EYCK



BARRY TENNENT



RALPH TERRELL



WALTER TERRY



SUE TETZMAN



LOVE THRELST



HENRY THROMANN



A GLIMPSE OF THE OLD GYM HOUSE



BESS THOMAS



DONALD THOMAS



WILLIAM THOMAS



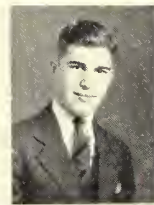
ELIZABETH THOMPSON



HELEN THOMPSON



RUTH THOMPSON



HAROLD THORNE



MARY THUMAN



LAURA TITTS



MELVINA TITTS



HOWARD TOBIN



EDWARD TOYE



MARTHA TRACT



MARY TISON



MARGOT TRITTON



ROBERT TRITTON



WILBURT TRIAS



HOWARD TSCHUDI



MADLINE TUCKER



RYA TULLEY



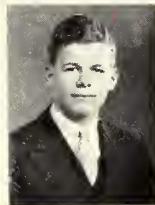
JOSEPH TURK



IMOGENE TURLEY



JOSEPHINE TURLEY



WALTER TWINHAM



MARIE UEHLEIN



IMOGENE UNDERWOOD



ELIZABETH VALKSAW



HENRY VAYNOR



MERRIE VAN VECHE



HAROLD VAN VELT



MARTHA VASER



EVELYN VENETZ



FRANCES VINT



DOROTHY VOGEL



LEWIS VOLLER



CLARA VOLDERAKER



EDWIN WAGNER



RUSSELL WALDEN



RICHARD WALCOTT



JEFF WALKER



MARY LEE WALKER



MAXINE WALKER



THROUGH THE SHADOWS OF OLD TREE TRUNKS



EUGENE WALL



DENZIL WALTMAN



VADA WALTZ



CLAUDE WARD



WAYNE WARDEN



ELEINE WASHBURN



CLIFFORD WATSON



GAELEE WATSON



GERALD WATSON



RICHARD WATSON



FRANCIS WEBB



THELMA WEBB



HUGH WEBER



LOIS WEGENER



KATHERINE WEISS



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MARCELLA WEST



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KENNETH WHITE



LEONA WHITEHEAD



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MARY E. WOODS



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JAMES WOODWARD



EDITH WOODLUMS



MARION WORTMAN



FLORENCE WRIGHT



PAUL WRIGHT



HUGO WITTING



CHERRY IN BLOOM NEAR THE RIVER



JAMES WAYNE



ALICE YATES



MARTIN YOHTER



C. ROBERT YOUNG



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ROBERT M. YOUNG



EUGENE WALLACE



BARBARA YOUNGLING



HORACE YOUNG



MATHILDA ZAENGLEIN



PAUL ZIEGNER



JOSEPH ZIMMERMAN



MR. DWIGHT S. MORGAN
PRINCIPAL

CLASS DAY WRITERS



JOE SIMS
SONG WRITER



KATHARINE ROSS
DOLL



DORIS HASTING
HUSBAND



CHARLES PAYNE
SONG WRITER

SENIOR SPONSORS



FORWARD BLOSSOMS GREET THE MORNING



MISS HELEN ELLIOTT
SPONSOR ROOM 122



MISS GRACE EMERY
HEAD SPONSOR, V.A.
SPONSOR ROOM 123



MISS RICHISON
SPONSOR ROOM 124



MISS ALTA WELCH
SPONSOR ROOM 125



MISS MARGARET VENABLE
HEAD SPONSOR, V.A.
SPONSOR ROOM 126



MISS LYLE HARTER
SPONSOR ROOM 127

HOURS TO REMEMBER

Days unrecaptured, hours to remember,
We are leaving the place of your being.

On October afternoons we said no word in fear
to break the mellow beauty
Of the brown ivory-shafted sycamore, bronze-leafed,
Bending toward the sky's sharp blue,
Towering over trees whose gold and wine paid tribute
at its feet.

How sunlight poured through tall windows,
Sending clear blue shafts boring into desk and chair,
Lighting high walls and paneled doors,
Covering the floor of the West Residence with a
shimmering shadow carpet,
While a warm wind breathed the sweetness of syringa and
new-cut grass
Into stately rooms where young people sang as they worked,
Sheltered in this second home; this is good to remember.

On this field we have seen boys drill with firearms.
We will see them again and ask if war is worth the price,
Remembering a day they marched to the band's brave music
While lilac and redbud flung banners on the field,
And wild plum trees shook scented blossoms like confetti
in their path.
We have watched fine victories on this field.
We have cheered the prowess of our team
Until brilliant trees encircling gave back our cries.
And leaving this place in the time of long shadows
We have rejoiced in the fellowship of fairly played games.

Out on the Quadrangle the snow lay deep,
The wind shrieked high in leafless boughs in fiendish rage.
At work in a hundred rooms we were uneasy, listening,
When above the wind's wail, voices were heard caroling well
laved songs,
Calling glad tidings, and bidding us be merry.
Shall we always hear above a wild wind's song
Voices of classmates greeting the Yuletide?

Moments measured by swift footsteps
Scampering across the Barracks' porch, seeking shelter
from a storm
Whose lowering clouds bring the Arsenal into bold relief,
Etching its warm sturdiness against their rumbling grey,
Turning new-silvered maples, bending lemon forsythia
With a wind that swept inexplicable pain into old rooms.

Softly stenciled in a pale sky beyond the flag's bright
ripple,
Standing in the highest windows of the Main
Often we have seen the vision of our City Beautiful
Gleaming in the white sunlight of a summer morning,
Its fine spires, massive monuments, and sturdy office towers
ever-growing, beckoning us.
We have seen it at sunset when amber lights gleamed,
And red lights twinkled through violet haze.
From the gate we have looked Westward and known we should
soon be a part of the City,
Building new spires, tearing away old ugliness,
Changing the vision of the City for those who come after.

Days unrecaptured, hours to remember,
We are leaving the place of your being.

THE EPOCH OF 1933

THE PALACE OF OPEN DOORS

It stands before us in all its splendor: a palace with open doors—inviting all to enter! With spacious turrets and colonnades it towers into the skies. Timidly we gaze into its mysterious interior. Shall we seek new adventure? Shall we enter?

Silently, wonderingly we trip over the broad threshold. Once inside, valiantly squaring our shoulders, we prepare ourselves for the worst. Inquisitively we look about us. A long silent hall lies outstretched before our startled gaze. The mystery is enhanced by the sight of closed doors opening from it. What secrets do they conceal? What, oh what, does the future hold in store for us?

Suddenly we stop, for a voice is heard. "Welcome, Freshmen of 1929, to Technical, the Palace of Open Doors. I am your guide, Milo H. Stuart. Under my direction these closed doors will be opened unto you. Come, follow me!"

HALL I 1929-1930

Soul-stirring strains from the organ greet us upon the opening of the first secret door. That instrument for which Tech had long been hoping and praying has finally materialized. It is even now pouring forth deep, rich chords which roll triumphantly through the new Auditorium as tonight it is being formally dedicated.

Flashing steel cutting the air—a falling body—silence! We fearfully peep through the doorway of mystery. Ah! A sigh of relief! "Monsieur Beaucaire," the first senior play to be held in the Auditorium, is being dramatically enacted. Tech is now the proud owner of a much-needed playhouse.

Hundreds of uplifted voices singing with joy and spirit draw us to the next mystic portal. Through the open door we view concert clubs, glee clubs, choruses, orchestra, band, organ, all united in one gigantic musicale. It is the day of days for the Music Department. The new Auditorium now serves in a third capacity, that of a music hall.

The sound of running feet, the dull thud of a bouncing ball, the shouts of excited spectators! Another open door brings to our expectant eyes a basketball game in full swing between the 1928-1929 and the 1929-1930 teams. The Auditorium is now being dedicated as a gymnasium, the last of its four-fold purpose.

Standing before an open window for a breath of fresh air, we heave a tiny sigh of regret upon leaving Hall I. At length, strengthened and refreshed by memories of the past, we eagerly push forward to Hall II to discover what mysteries it holds in store for us.

HALL II 1930-1931

We find to our amazement that the guide, Mr. Stuart, who has been conducting us so ably through the Palace, is with us no more. He has been appointed director of a more extensive tour of which this one is a part. His position has been filled, and adequately so, by a close friend and fellow-worker, DeWitt S. Morgan, who will continue to reveal to us the secrets of the closed doors.

"Yea, rah, Tech!" A thundering roar reaches our ears from a nearby portal. Looking in, we perceive yell leaders wildly gesticulating, fans frantically whistling and shouting. The score? Tech 33—Broad Ripple 10! Tech is now the City High School Basketball Champion of 1931.

A gay lilting melody draws us closer and closer to a doorway at a far end of the Hall. Eagerly we push it open. Ah, what a sight greets our eyes: garlands of flowers swaying—swaying, beautifully gowned figures moving rhythmically to and fro! The "Birth of Spring," given by the Girls' Concert Club, is one of the outstanding musical productions in the history of our Palace.

Slowly, lingeringly we leave Hall II. Memories haunt us, trying to hold us back, but we elude their grasp. On, on to the next Hall of Adventure!

HALL III 1931-1932

Tramp, tramp, tramp! The sound of marching feet resounds through the entire Palace. A feeling of awe steals over us as we view through the open door row after row of erect, khaki-clad R. O. T. C. boys. Are they proud? Tech's R. O. T. C. unit has been awarded for the tenth consecutive year a gold star which designates Tech as an honor school in the Fifth Corps Area.

"Student Activities Center." Inquisitively we gaze at the sign above the entrance. How interesting! We enter. A charming room beautifully furnished meets our eye. Groups of students are busy conversing: the click of the typewriter murmurs a steady undertone: an air of friendship and of good will pervades the atmosphere. Tech is indeed fortunate in having such a gathering place for its students.

"Whistle, boom, Tech!" We look wonderingly from without the doorway upon tier above tier of ardent school supporters. Wildly, desperately they are spurring their team on to victory. Tech has achieved the honor of competing in the semi-finals of the 1932 State Basketball Tournament held in the Field House of Butler University. Here sixteen teams from Indiana battle for that one goal, the State Championship.

"This is the Radio Voice of the Exposition speaking from the north end of the Exposition Hall." We stop—astounded, then—run for the door through which the voice is heard. Lights, noises, music, people! Our heads are fairly reeling with the glamour and beauty of it all. This is the opening night of the Twentieth Anniversary Exposition. Since for twenty years Tech has been flourishing as a high school, it is now exhibiting to the world its progress.

We have reached the end of the Hall. Our trip through the Palace is almost completed. We must stretch these precious remaining minutes into hours. Now far the last and most important Hall in Technical Palace!

HALL IV 1932-1933

Doors, doors, nothing but doors! We gaze delighted along the last Hall in this Palace of Open Doors. What mystery and adventure will they bring to us? We shall see.

The Arsenal! What kind fairy has touched it with its magic wand? The interior of that historic building, as shown by an open door, has been entirely renovated. The walls glisten; the floors glitter; the panels glimmer. And the offices? Now located on the first floor of the Arsenal, compact and well organized, they resemble the headquarters of any flourishing business firm. Tech is proud of those offices—those offices which serve the school so well.

A shrill, hysterical laugh attracts our attention. We look at each other—astounded. The solution—a door. The "Torch Bearers," the senior play of the L-Z division of the class, is a praiseworthy achievement. Never did Modame Pampinelli more successfully conduct the "wonder play of the ages"; never did such an actress as Mrs. Paula Ritter interpret its leading role. It is a play in a thousand!

The joyous strains of Christmas carols are wafted to our eager ears. Dimly we view through a mysterious doorway a magnificent cathedral with stately pillars and low-hanging chandeliers. "A Christmas Fantasy" is one of the most spectacular celebrations ever presented at Technicol. The vivacious festivities of the Spanish, the merry-making of the English about the yule log, and the deeply religious ceremonies of the French are among the many scenes depicted by various school organizations.

The swish and swirl of water! Through an entrance we see workmen busily engaged in redressing the interior of Tech. Walls are cleaned and polished until they shine; entrances are blocked; traffic is congested. But only for a short time! Soon the calm, unhurried routine of Tech is resumed.

Bloodcurdling shouts and yells—fearfully we peer through the enchanted door. Ah, a pirate crew in mutiny! Blood streaming down the deck, dead bodies lying everywhere! "Captain Applejock," the senior play of the A-K division of the class, proves a great success. Sailing on the high seas! A beautiful damsel in distress! What could be more intriguing?

Music! Couples gliding smoothly over the floor! We view through a nearby portal the annual party of the senior class. It is an event long anticipated and long remembered. Gayly laughing and chattering between dances, seniors of 1933 compare notes on the Past, the Present, and the Future. This is one of the few remaining occasions where the senior class will be together; therefore, they cherish it.

Medals—honors—scholarships! Before our envious eyes thousands of dollars are bestowed as rewards! How? Why? We are witnessing the annual Honor Day exercises of Tech. To those seniors who have shown themselves capable of an unusual amount of ability and energy, scholarships to various colleges and universities are awarded. Underclassmen, remembering that "History repeats itself," do not despair. Within the next three years they also will have an opportunity of being awarded a scholarship at their Honor Day exercises.

The shuffle of many feet! The deep voice of the organ! Silently we watch through an advantageous doorway approximately 1,000 seniors find their positions in the Auditorium. The Vesper Service of the senior class is being held. A pause, then—hundreds of voices uplifted in the exultant theme of the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm! It is over; heads are bowed in thought. The senior class of 1933 will soon be of the past; other classes will take its place—and so the world continues.

Beautifully gowned young ladies and handsome young men marching sedately by! Speechless, we gaze at the seemingly unending processional of seniors. Graduation! It has finally arrived! That event toward which 1,000 seniors have been striving for four years is now at hand. Hearts are throbbing with excitement; eyes are shining with happiness! All those hours spent in study are repaid by—that diploma.

We leave Hall IV with many a wistful, backward glance. Through the passage before us glimpses of blue sky and bright sunshine are clearly visible, but we are loathe to leave this enchanted Palace. The tour through its four Halls has shown to us the history of the senior class of 1933, the same which entered the Palace only a short time ago as the freshman class of 1929. We bid farewell to our guide, Mr. Morgan, whom we shall always remember with the deepest gratitude. The moment of departure has arrived. Slowly we leave the Palace of Open Doors which we once entered so eagerly.

Fondly our gaze lingers; our eyes caress the tall pillars and overhanging balconies. A shadow dims our vision; we can no longer distinguish the clear-cut outline of the Palace; it grows dimmer—dimmer. Spellbound, with awe-stricken faces we witness this mystic phenomena. At last, it fades away into nothing. The Palace of Open Doors is gone—never to return again!

DORIS KASTING.



CAPTAIN APPLEJACK

By WALTER HACKETT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lush - - - - -	Robert Godby
Poppy Faire - - - - -	Hazel Fisher
Mrs. Agatha Whatcombe - - - - -	Ruth Bubeck
Ambrose Applejohn - - - - -	Jerry Holman
Anna Valeska - - - - -	Dorothy Gutfleisch
Mrs. Pengard - - - - -	Fannie Atkinson
Horace Pengard - - - - -	Frank Bridges
Ivan Borolsky - - - - -	McFerrell Hollansworth
Dennet - - - - -	Glenn Dunn
Johnny Jason - - - - -	Charles Fisher
Nora, the Maid - - - - -	Ethel Cook

THE PIRATE CREW

(Act II) William Fox, Will Guthrie, Maurice Ireland, John Flick, John Fargo, Jean DeTar, John Hobbs, Robert Green, Richard Hittle, Robert Hickman, William Belcher, Harold Cooper.

COMMITTEES

FINANCIAL—John Flick, Henry Bruder, Alfred Kuerst, Frank Nauta, Anthony Petric, Edward Wischmeier.

COSTUME—Katherine Hedges, chairman; June F. Cox, Mary Jane Barnett, Pauline Dingle, Robbie Cain, Robert Hickman, DeArmand Dochez.

MAKE-UP—Henrietta Croke, chairman; Loy Baxter, Jane Bosart, Adna Bridges, Virginia Campbell, Harriette Closson, Ellsworth Handy, Winifred Hickman, June Hopper, Maxine Mertz, Helen Stoshitch, Kenneth Strattman, Dorothy Syerup, Jean Welty, Barbara Youngling.

PROPERTIES—Barbara Kirkham, chairman; Warren Baldwin, Rosemary Byrket, Russell Fleming, Thelma Greenwood, Ralph Kiefer.

STAGE STAFF

Director - - - - -	Clara M. Ryan
Stage - - - - -	Chelsea Stewart
Electrician - - - - -	Herbert Traub



Miss Clara Ryan, Director

Sweet-est Flowers That Ever Grew Can not Rival Friendship True ~ Tho We
Part And Say A - Dieu ~ We Will Hold A Rend - e - vous Fare -
Well To Thee To Friends Most Dear Our Class of Thirty Three ~ Tho We
Room O'er Land And Sea ~ Mem'ries Bring Us Near To Thee

THESE SLENDER BANDS OF COLOR

We have woven our dream into these slender bands of color,

Green, for creation and growth,—
Pines that grow toward the stars shelter the hills
With a hue that vibrates richly forever.
Spring's new green sends a song of rejoicing
Over this campus so long our home.

Brown, for mountain tops and river beds, life funda-
mental,—
Earth holding fruitfulness awaiting spring
As we hold promise of a New Day.

With youths' brave pride
We have woven our dream into these slender bands of color,
Consecrated in the ever-burning spirit-flame of our school.
We face the challenge of the years and all its questions
Unafraid and unforgetting because we know
Our goal is held in colors that will not fade from earth
nor memory.

KATHRINE ROSS.

PEP SONG

JOE SIMS

COME ALL YE LOY-AL SONS OF T-H-S AND RAISE YOUR VOIC-ES IN THIS SONG-'TIS FOR THE BEST OLD SCHOOL IN
AN-Y STATE, WE'LL SING HER PRAIS-ES LOUD AND LONG- FOR ALL THE WORLD SHALL KNOW OF TECH-NI-CAL THROUGH THE
DEEDS THAT WE SHALL DO- IN EACH FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT, WE'LL BEAR THE GREEN AND WHITE OF OUR AL-MA MA-TER TRUE.

SENIOR JOTTINGS

Size of Class: Approximately 1,000.

Class Colors: Brown, Emerald Green, Nile Green.

Motto: "High ideals make high character."

Class Gift: Furnishings for the offices of the two head senior sponsors.

Class Plays: "The Tarch Bearers," December 2, 1932, Keith's Theatre.

"Captain Applejack," April 21, 1933, Auditorium.

Senior Assembly for Student Body: February 24, 1933.

Class Party: May fifth.

Class Day Exercises: May twenty-ninth, fourth hour.

Alumni Meeting: June third.

Vesper Service: June fourth.

Honor Day: June fifth.

Commencement: A-K Division, Tuesday, June sixth.
L-Z Division, Thursday, June eighth.

Senior Song-writers: Joe Sims, Charles Payne.

Senior Poet: Kathrine Ross.

Class Historian: Doris Kasting.

THE EAGLE

An eagle on his lofty perch
Resembled much a priest in church;
Around his neck a collar white,
His stately figure stood upright.
A streak of fire glared in his eye,
His likeness changed to a vile spy;
For seeing an object far below
He swooped straight down and struck
a blow.

JUNE MAGEL.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow
(Though it doesn't look like me)
For it's short and roly-poly,
And as plump as it can be.

For this (my little shadow)
Is a playful collie pup,
Who always frolics after me,
From the time that I get up.

HOWARD CHAILLE.

SUMMER NIGHT

The tower clock chimes out the hour
Through the stillness of the night.
A cat, a lithe black shadow, slips
From darkest bush to white moonlight.
My hollyhocks stand straight and tall,
Brave sentinels who guard my dreams
From ghosts who wander down my hall
Pretending they are pale moonbeams.

MARIE SCHINDEWOLFE.

SPRING

Green the trees are budding,
Tiny flowers appear;
Tulips dot the gardens;
Spring is almost here.

Out to the woods we wander,
Where the robin sings.
Can't you hear him twitter?
He is glad it's spring.

Daffodils are dancing,
Pansies shyly sway
While the sun is smiling;
He is glad it's May.

MARY TEGELER.

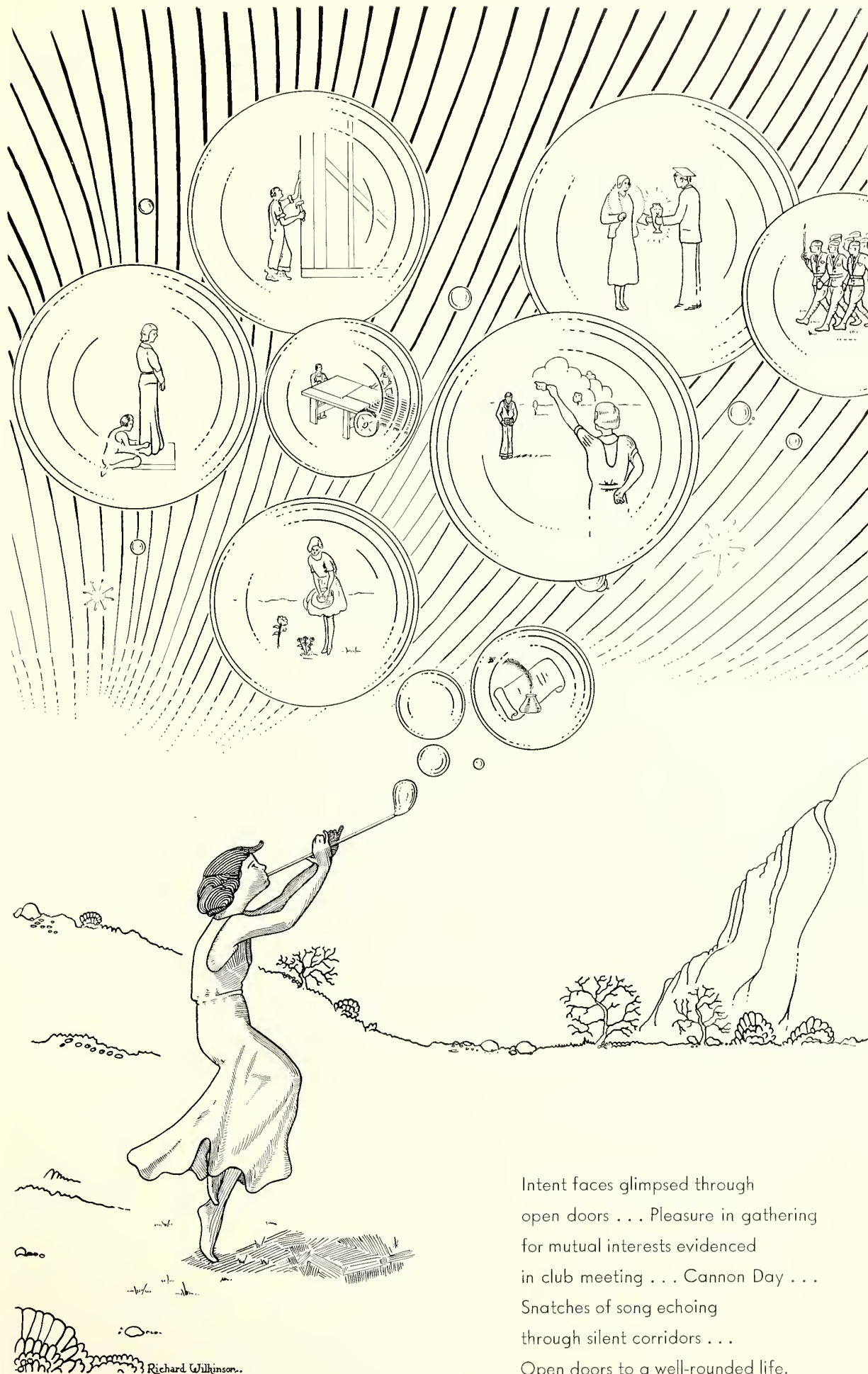
RAIN

Rain!
Beating on my heart,
Beating on my brain;
I hate you,
Rain!

Rain!
Brings memory of tears,
Of half forgotten years;
I hate you,
Rain!

Rain!
Take my dreams in toll,
From my very soul;
I hate you,
Rain!

ALICE JEWELL



Intent faces glimpsed through
 open doors . . . Pleasure in gathering
 for mutual interests evidenced
 in club meeting . . . Cannon Day . . .
 Snatches of song echoing
 through silent corridors . . .
 Open doors to a well-rounded life.



The Barracks resound with hammer blows . . . it's the modeling class in action.

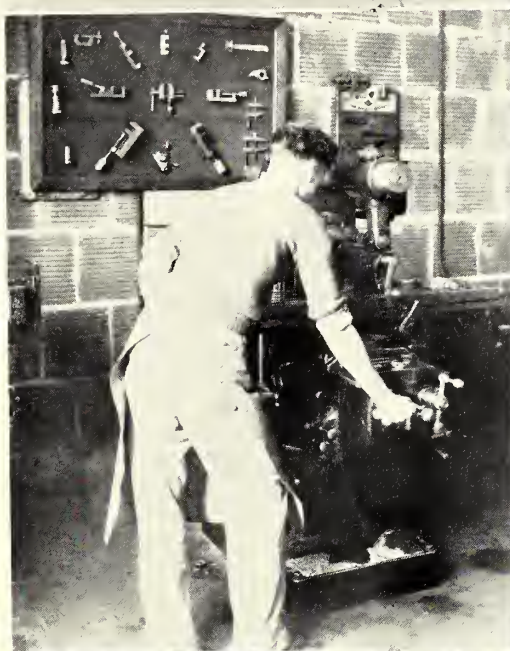
"After the ball is over" . . . members of the advertising class remove the clever signs that helped sell tickets for the spring Cannon Ball.

Triangles, T-squares, compasses . . . these are the tools of the mechanical drawing students.

Latin may be an ancient language, but it hasn't aged these Techites . . . Latin contest winners.

1932 algebra contest winners . . . these freshmen have started on the road to success by proving their ability to juggle "x" and "y."

"The farmer's in the dell," . . . boys learn the secrets of growing a good crop in the Agriculture Club.



A scholarship is the reward for studying, say these Indiana Extension Scholarship holders.

The intricacies of machinery are unfolded to boys in the Metal Crafts shop . . . here they learn to construct useful tools.

"School days, school days," . . . but these two girls learn more than the three R's, . . . they also make smart, youthful hats and fracks.

"Summer is coming in" . . . Merrie England lives again when the Madrigal Club sings old ballads.

Figures of fantasy, foreign characters, childhood, old age . . . all are portrayed by the make-up class.

With a background of amusing scenery, with song and dance . . . Techites present a revue of Victor Herbert music.



Under the cool shade of the campus trees, Tech's aspiring artists capture Nature's designs with pencil or paint on paper.

The way to a woman's heart . . . boys learn the fine art of cooking in the boys' cooking classes.

Strong, skilled hands learn to build for the future . . . the carpentry class exhibits its handicraft.

Sympathetic hearts turn to thoughts of unfortunates . . . Home Economics girls learn how to make others happy.





Getting acquainted with the mysteries of the great outdoors . . . botany students on a field trip.

A guide to freshmen in those first confusing days . . . upperclassmen sell pictorial campus maps.

A training school in service . . . competent students serve appetizing lunches daily to several thousand Techites.

Tech extends hospitality to visitors through the Social Center . . . a room where the atmosphere of gracious charm prevails.



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WALTER SPAULDING
ASSISTANT LAYOUT EDITOR



KATHRINE ROSS
MAGAZINE EDITOR

MAGAZINE STAFF

MAGAZINE STAFF

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OPENING ANOTHER DOOR

"Days unrecaptured, hours to remember, we are leaving the place of your being."

This week approximately one thousand students of Technical High School are being graduated. Crossing the campus to his last high school classes, the senior recalls experiences and sensations which have played vital parts in his high school life: How he first entered the great gate four years ago with so much faith and anticipation; his unexpressed but deeply felt joy and appreciation of the beauty of Tech's campus, especially in the spring with its small orchard of blooming fruit trees, gold of Forsythia, showers of white spirea, faint flush of red-bud trees.

Meeting former teachers, the senior recalls hours of study and recitation in his classes and he realizes the opportunities Tech has offered him. Whether musically, dramatically, artistically, vocationally, commercially, or journalistically inclined, Tech has given him an opportunity to train his talents, has helped to prepare him to realize his ambitions.

Through participation in school activities, serving as a club officer, engaging in sports, aiding in the traffic problem of this great school, respecting the requests of the faculty and the rights of his fellow-students, he has learned to co-operate, to find his

place happily and usefully in this small city of young people.

Here he has formed friendships deeper and more permanent than any he had known before. Here he has known laughter and song expressive of the pure joy of living. Here he has learned to play. Here he has known moments of high resolve, he has formed his ideals, he has given serious thought to future years.

(Continued on Page 54)

R. O. T. C. I N 1 9 3 3



"We remember a day they marched to the band's brave music."

"A military unit with a high national standing, an organization with a never-failing spirit of loyalty, and a group of boys ever ready to perform services in the interest of their school, a true honor unit."

This is Tech's R. O. T. C., the group of boys who for the last eleven years have won the coveted star in the Fifth Corps Area, an emblem of perfection in military drill.

Throughout the year the boys have participated in various activities. During the football season the senior officers of the unit served as aides and ushers at the football games. The well-regulated crowds were largely due to the service rendered by the members of the cadet corps.

On November eleventh, Armistice Day, the unit marched with those of the other high schools in the annual Armistice Day parade.

When former President Herbert Hoover came to Indianapolis for his campaign speech, October

twenty-third, the Technical unit with those of the other schools furnished the guard of honor.

During the few days preceding the Christmas vacation, the military band, under the direction of Charles and William Reed, cadet captains, played Christmas carols on the campus.

This semester, Maurice Ireland, a retired commissioned officer, has been in charge of the military exercises at the beginning of Auditorium programs. This is the first time that the school assemblies have been opened in a military way, with the presentation of the school colors and national flag.

The flag raising each morning is now a duty of a detail of cadets from the first hour military training class.

The unit sent a number of cadets and their officers to the Modernization Parade, held on Saturday, April twenty-third, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce.

Due to the absence of an assistant instructor, the cadet officers have aided Sergeant Chester Pruett this year in class instruction.

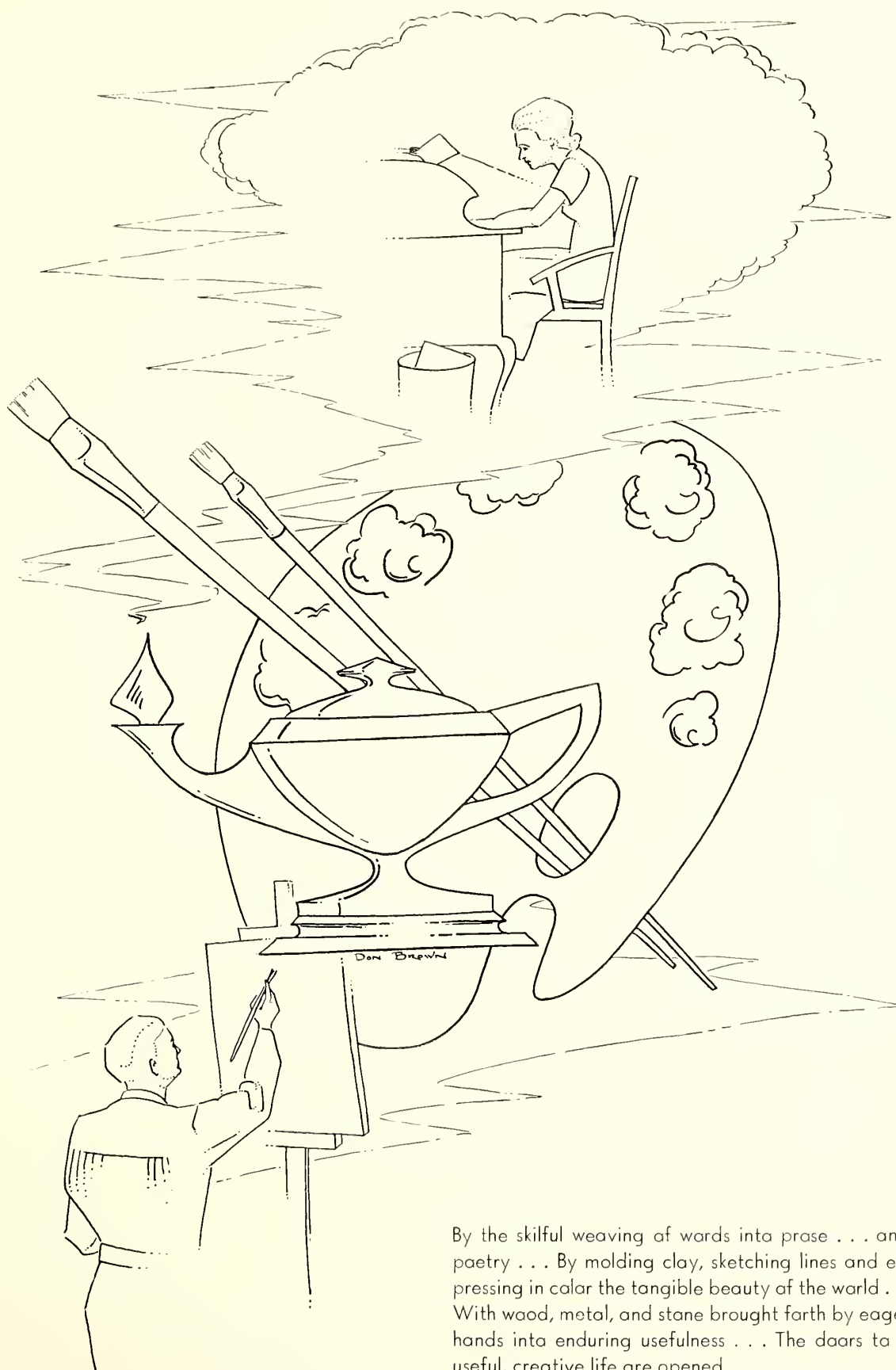
On April twenty-seventh, the unit held its annual inspection, with Lieutenant-Colonel John E. Mort reviewing. The Colonel is commanding officer of the R. O. T. C. of the Fifth Corps Area, stationed at Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio. Consistent drilling preceded this event and the unit gave an excellent performance before one of the largest crowds ever seen at the review. Company, Platoon, Squad Drill, Parade and Review, Extended and Closed Order Drill were on the program of events.

Members of the cadet corps furnished guides for the Freshman Open House, for the visitors of the Garden Club, and for several other organizations meeting on the campus.

The largest group at the Memorial Day parade furnished by members of the city's cadet corps was that representing Tech.

During the second semester the regulations concerning the O. D. shirts were changed so that now all members of the unit, privates and non-commissioned officers as well as commissioned officers, wear white shirts.

This unit, the largest in the state of Indiana, and under the guidance of Sergeant Pruett, will continue to bring glory and honor to the standards of the Green and White, and maintain the excellent reputation of the Arsenal Technical Schools.



By the skilful weaving of words into prose . . . and poetry . . . By molding clay, sketching lines and expressing in color the tangible beauty of the world . . . With wood, metal, and stone brought forth by eager hands into enduring usefulness . . . The doors to a useful, creative life are opened.

LIFE IS LIKE THAT

RICHARD BELL

I can't remember just what I was dreaming about when the call of the morning, coming from the throat of my mother, crashed the wall of stillness.

"All right," I replied and turned over to doze off again. When I was halfway to dreamland, something that felt like the North Pole fell on my face and trickled down my neck. A chill ran down my back. The bed covers sailed, and I ran for a towel. My plans for the day would delight any boy's heart. Whistling, I clambered into my clothes. I came down to breakfast with a smile on my face which even the oatmeal couldn't wipe off.

After I finished breakfast, my mother, as she gave me a note, said, "Bob, I want you to go to the store for me."

"Sure," I agreed.

"Hurry back. I want you to beat the rugs."

"Do you mean all the rugs?" I asked desperately.

"Yes."

"Oh-h-h!"

The way to the store led past my pal's garage. The gang was holding a parley in the garage.

"Say, Bob," said our host, who appeared to be peeved about something, "how'd you like to run away with the rest of us and go up to Lake Charleston?" I thought for a minute. Say, that would be swell. What would happen to me when I came back? Why, of course, mother would be so glad to see me again that she would forget all about the rugs. In fact, she would forget all the work that was to be done for a week at least. Perhaps she would buy me that swell catcher's mitt for which I had been pleading to a cold heart since that day, two weeks ago, when I saw it in the window of Frank's hardware store.

"You bet, Art," I replied.

"O. K. Go home and get your things. Be back here within half an hour."

"I'm on my way. So long!"

"Hurry."

I sprinted home. Cautiously, I slipped in the back door. Mother was in the living room.

"Is that you, Bob?"

My heart skipped a beat. "Yes."

"My! You certainly made that trip quickly. Put the groceries on the table."

"I haven't got the groceries." I alibied. "I lost the note."

"What?"

"I said that I lost the note."

"Oh, well," in resignation, "I expected something

like this. Wait a few minutes, and I'll write another one for you."

While mother was writing the list, I slipped into my room to gather my things together. I wrapped them in two blankets, then tossed the bundle out the window. After I had done this I wrote a note and left it under the blotter on the family desk.

"All right, Bob, your list's ready."

I took the list. Mother began to wash the dishes. Strolling out the back door, I slipped around to the bedroom window. I gathered the bundle and, taking a roundabout path, returned to the garage, after I had hidden my pack in some weeds nearby. Art and the other two boys were there, all appearing gloomy.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Well," said Jim, "Art's mom don't want him to go anywhere today. She hid his shoes for safety."

"Oh!" I said. "Now what are we going to do?"

"Wait till he finds them, I guess."

"You fellows wait here," Art suggested, "I'm going to see if I can find those shoes." We waited for about ten minutes. Art's mother came out.

She looked at me. "Bob, your mother phoned. She found the other note. She wants you to go to the store right away and get that stuff."

My heart sank. Which note had she found?

"All right," I replied. Art's mother went back into the house.

"Well!" I said to my two confederates. "I'll soon be in the fire if I stay around here much longer. Now what'll I do?"

"I know," George mumbled through a splinter he was masticating. "You go down to the old house on Wallace Street and wait there for us."

A shudder ran down my back, "That place is haunted!"

"Certainly, but ghosts don't walk in daytime."

"All right. If you hear a wail, consider it as a cry for help."

Carrying a club in each hand and a generous supply of brickbats, I crept into the house. I tried to whistle, but my whistler was very very weak! I tried to think of various jokes I had heard. My humor wasn't very strong either.

"Pshaw," I said to myself with a pretense at bravado, "what is there to be afraid of?" Suddenly I heard the patter of feet. My blood froze.

"Who's there?" I shouted.

Back came a mocking wail, "There."

"Who are you?" my teeth chattered.

"You-ou-ou." A moment later I felt something rub against my leg. It felt very much like a spidery hand if one applied a little imagination.

"Meow-ow-ow." It was just a plain dirty little gray alley cat, but it meant the world to me. I reached down and stroked its back. It purred. A very elegant pal-like purr it had, too. I talked to it for about half an hour. Then the gang came. What a relief!

"Well, here we are, all ready to go." Art shouted. "I wasn't able to get any blankets, but I did get some shoes. Maybe you can lend me one of yours, eh, Bob?"

"If it's a cold night, you'll freeze to death alone. If not, I'll let you have one," I answered.

We went up Bosart Avenue to Sixteenth Street and took a short cut through the fields to Brightwood. On the edge of Brightwood we got a lift that took us to Broad Ripple. The fellow that picked us up was on the way to his wedding; so he was a jolly good fellow, unwilling to bear the sight of four unfortunate hitch-hikers. While we were in Broad Ripple, Art became somewhat worried. He went over to a corner drug store to make a phone call. We didn't bother to ask him what his message was. We found out later, and that was too soon. We thumbed, walked, and sprained our necks trying to look simultaneously at the road behind and ahead of us. After about half an hour of this delightful sport, we were rewarded with a ride on a milk truck that was going to a town about thirty miles out. When we hit the end of the line, it was time for supper.

"Well," I said, "how much money have you fellows got?"

The reply was unanimous, "None."

"But you've got that money that your mother gave you, Bob," said Art.

"Oh, yeah!" I exclaimed. "Well, I hope you don't think I'm going to use that! Besides, I've only got a dollar."

"Oh, that's all right. We'll pay you back when we get home. Won't we, gang?"

"Well," I considered.

"Aw, come on, Bob. You don't want us to starve, do you?"

I chuckled, "All right. What'll we get? We want something that's pretty cheap. I have it! We'll buy rye bread and boloney."

Rye bread was ten cents, and boloney was ten cents. One-fifth of our money was gone already.

"Next time we'll get white bread. I believe it's cheaper," I commented.

We flagged and flagged, dragging our fifty-pound shoes for about five miles before a car stopped to pick us up. It pulled over to the side of the highway. A lady got out. Her face was very familiar. I blinked and looked again. Her face was too familiar! It was Art's mother! Zip bang! We were off for home. We felt like crawling under the cushion of the back seat.

It wasn't yet dark when I arrived at the old threshold.

I hoped against hope that mother would be upstairs so that I could slip into the house unobserved, but no such luck. There she was, standing at the door smiling.

"Well, Bob," mother said, "the rugs are waiting for you out in the back yard. You'll find the beater hanging on a nail in the garage."

YOUTH

I must laugh and dance and sing
Youth is such a lovely thing;
Soon I shall be old and stately;
I shall promenade sedately
Down a narrow paved street,
And the people I will meet
Will be stiff and narrow, too,
Careful what they say and do
It will be quite plain to see
They were once young like me.
When I walk where flowers grow
I shall have to stoop down low
If I want one for a prize;
Now I'm just the proper size.
Let me laugh and dance and sing,
Youth is such a lovely thing.

HELEN SCHENCK

ARCHERY

There is something about the twang of a bow string and the swift flight of slender arrows that casts a spell over me. When I have a bow in my hands and a quiver of arrows by my side, I feel myself lifted out of this world of modern sport into one many centuries old. The target becomes a fleeing deer, and I hunt with Robin Hood. At other

times I seem to hunt with Indians, clad in buckskin clothing, gaily trimmed with bright beads and feathers. Any story, poem, or picture that includes something about my favorite sport appeals immediately to my imagination.

Part of the thrill in this sport is making a bull's-eye. When the arrow leaves the bow and goes swift and true to the golden heart of the target, I am filled with the joy of conquest. Since the time when I was first able to hold a bow, I have loved to shoot the long slender shafts at the five-ringed target; and I am sure that I shall always enjoy this ancient sport.

FRANCES PATTON.



From thin-spun
metal, hammered
copper, precious
stones . . . youth
shapes beauty with
sensitive fingers.



With pencil, pen,
crayon, and brush,
young artists trace
the paths of beauty.

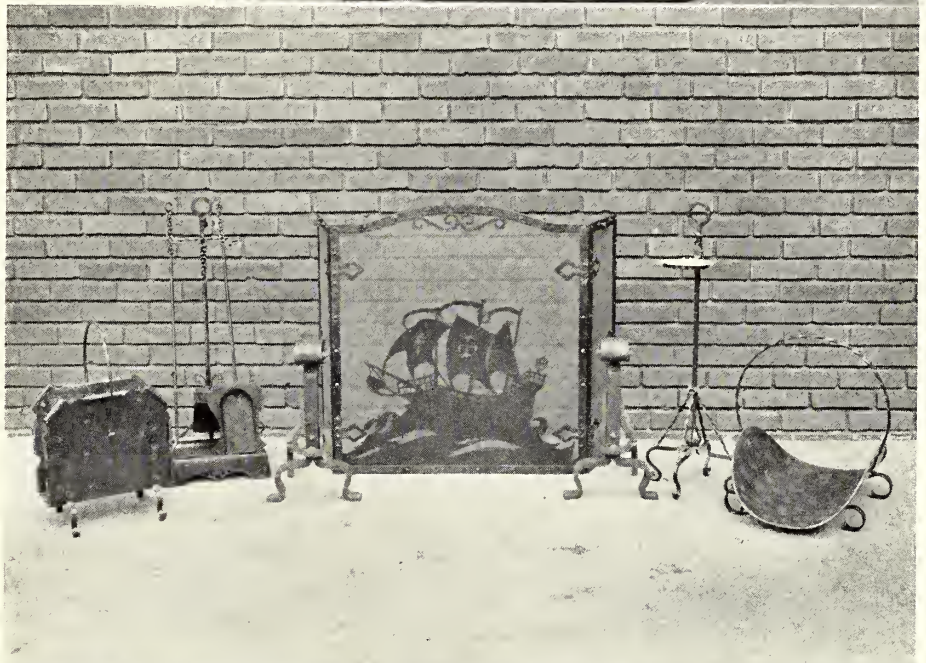


Printing, color,
line, with these the
artists bring beauty
to the business
world.

With needle and thread, perky accessories, smart hats, and appealing toys are created to attract the feminine eye.



From white-hot metal pounded by heavy hammers, screens, andirons, and tongs emerge to a useful life.



Artistic bird baths, benches, and flower urns are created from enduring cement.



GODS WILL BE GODS

KATHERINE HERBERS

Long and hard had Thor hunted the rebel winds across the earth. Long and hard had he flogged them for their disobedience. And all the while the earth-people had shivered in their flimsy houses as the blasts from the mighty struggle came tumbling down from the sky.

The winds had at last turned coward before the bruising blows of Thor's famed hammer and sniffed and moaned and rattled the windows, but found none to give them shelter.

So the Storm God caught them and stuffed them into his great gray bag. Then he summoned the sun and the mild and meek little breezes who had refused to join the rebels and put them back to work. Last of all he placated the trembling clouds who had been frightened by the battle so that the rain ceased and the world was calm again.

And now, his work done, Thor was tired—beastly tired. The ends of his fierce gray mustache, which usually stuck belligerently upward, drooped pathetically. Even his beloved hammer was a burden as he trudged heavily across the clouds.

But one thought cheered his unwilling body onward. His wife had probably heard the heavenly rumpus and was perhaps even now preparing him a huge meal of the hausenpfeffer of which he was so inordinately fond.

"That's the stuff to put the strength back into a tired man," he thought happily.

Through the rifts in the clouds he glanced earthward.

"Hum-m-m! The Pacific," he murmured. "I'll be home pretty soon now."

And he began to hum a bit of the newest hit from John Might's "Heavenly Scandals." But the song died a sudden death as he came to the next rift in the clouds and peered down.

"Well, I'll be switched!"

For there on the surface of the blue Pacific sat Neptune and Aphrodite atop the glistening back of a whale with some queer-looking thing spread between them, and a gallery of mermaids and sailors' ghosts in hushed concentration.

"Ahoy, there," bellowed Thor, peeping down between clouds.

"Oh, look, Neptune! There's Thor," shrieked Aphrodite, pointing skyward.

"All right, all right," he testily retorted. "Ask him to come down, can't you? But, for heaven's sake, woman, don't bother me now. Let's see, where does this piece go?"

He wrinkled his forehead in perplexed thought.

"Perhaps this piece fits, sir," offered a fierce-looking fellow, who surely must have been a pirate in his day.

Neptune tried it.

"No, you blooming lubber," he shouted.

"Neptune!" repraved Aphrodite.

"Aw, well, make him be quiet then. Hum-m-m! What's that you're fiddling with, Davy Jones?"

And he snatched something from the slimy green hand of that personage.

"Hurroo! It fits!" Neptune yelled in relief.

Aphrodite looked pained but said nothing.

There was a tremendous splash, and a minute later Thor, dripping wet, came clambering aboard the whale, who was still peacefully dozing, somewhat after the manner of the Darmause at the Mad Tea Party, in spite of all the commotion.

"Howdy, Neptune. Howdy, Aphrodite." Thor nodded to the gallery. "What's going on here?"

"Have a seat, Thor," invited Neptune. "You ought to know something about it all, old fellow. You're partly responsible, you know. While you were cutting up with those winds of yours up above, you accidentally sank a ship."

"Very careless of me," muttered Thor. "Very careless."

"Yes, indeed," Neptune assented. "We were down at the bottom, so when the ship came floating on us, we looted her. Nice haul, too. Aphrodite here got a new summer wardrobe, and I got several good men and this."

And he pointed dramatically to the thing that had held their attention.

"You've got me," Thor admitted after surveying the thing with a mystified air. "What is it?"

"A jig-saw puzzle," sang the mermaids in chorus.

"A jig-saw puzzle?" repeated Thor, still in the dark.

"Here, it's like this," Aphrodite explained. "You try to put all these little pieces together and make a picture of them. This one's called 'Cabbages at Prayer.' This one is 'The Death of the Chewing-gum Industry' and this is 'Flea Circus at Rest'."

"That's all right, Aphrodite," interrupted Neptune. "You can explain all that later. Come on and try your hand at it, Thor."

So Thor surrendered.

The groaning of a tired sun as it lowered its creaking and protesting limbs to rest roused the crowd.

"Donner und Blitzen!" grunted Thor, looking up. "Apollo's just about through for the day."

He rose and stretched himself as did the rest of the assembly, and even the whale moved uneasily in his slumber.

"Um-m-m! But I'm hungry!"

"Oh, you must stay to dinner with us," urged Aphrodite, seconded by Neptune.

But with visions of a dinner of broiled sea horses, stewed seaweed, with a little fried octopus thrown in, Thor hastily declined.

"Nope, I'm sorry I can't, folks. You see, my wife probably has a nice, big dish of hausenpfeffer waiting for me. And she'd feel awfully bad if I didn't get there while it was hot."

Seeing that his guest was firm, Neptune escorted him to the edge of the whale.

"Well, Thor, old man, come back tomorrow then and we'll see if we can't work that blasted puzzle."

"Puzzle?" roared Thor. "Neptune, if you ever see me within a mile of one of those things again, you may shoot me. Huh! No wonder those humans act so crazy. Jig-saw puzzles! Hur-r-rump! Well, Neptune, you and Aphrodite and the boys came over sometime."

Then Thor took out his mighty hammer and swinging it three and thirty times about his head let it fly upward, and so was pulled up to the clouds again.

Waving a last farewell to those on the whale, Thor strade westward where the light grew brighter as he hastened onward.

Suddenly a huge gray castle poked its head from the midst of the clouds that surrounded the newly established metropolis of Asgaard-Mount Olympus and the Storm God gave a great shout of joy. Eagerly he sniffed the air but even with his keen sense of smell he could detect na tell-tale whiff of hausenpfeffer.

"I'll go in by the kitchen," he said, "and surprise her. I didn't know I was so hungry. Wasting all that time on a jig-saw puzzle! Phooey!"

"Yoo-hoo, Sif," he warbled as he stuck his head into the kitchen.

But no wife met his eye. He stared. The kitchen was dark. He advanced farther into the room. He sniffed. But no delightful hausenpfeffer met his inquiring nose.

Impossible! There was no hausenpfeffer!

"Sif!" he roared. Where was that woman?

From the front of the castle came the murmur of feminine voices. Hurriedly he followed the sound to the library.

Oh, horror of horrors! Sif was there. Oh, yes!

And so was Minerva, and Frigga, and Juno, and all the other members of the Heavenly Ladies Thursday Afternoon Bridge Club.

But was it bridge that occupied their attention?

Emphatically not!

Thor glared. Yes, he was right!

"Sif!" he yelled.

She looked up.

"Oh, Thor, maybe you can help us."

He glared his fiercest glare.

"It's partly your fault, you know," Sif hurried on. "When you were off fighting you accidentally knocked down an airplane. And when we went through the wreckage we found a jig-saw puzzle. Maybe you . . ."

But with a roar, which is still told of in hushed voices, Thor hurled his mighty hammer into the midst of the horrified lady goddesses knocking the jig-saw puzzle through the floor of the castle and leaving an enormous, gaping hole.

Stifling their shrieks, the women peered curiously into the void and saw a strange, strange sight. Thor's mighty hammer had chopped a

ragged piece from the eastern end of Asia and there it was, floating quite solemnly at a distance from the rest of the continent. With perhaps a presentiment of what would happen in the future, those in the group gazed at each other, horrified.

The hammer, of course, came back to its master, but the jig-saw puzzle is still lying in the water between China and Japan. And if you don't believe it, you have only to look for yourself.

INSCRIPTION FOR A LOCKED DIARY

As the dull grey of a young sun's setting,
So is the sorrow of swift forgetting;

As a light song, too early shattered,
A fire burned out, and the ashes scattered.

So is the dusk that sways and lingers,
Lights that die, and fugitive fingers,

The ghosts of flower, a dust that slips
Through soft unloosened fingertips.

Better that eyes be bright with weeping
Than blind to dreams and dulled with
sleeping,

Better the heart be torn with pain
Than veiled with slumber and deaf to rain,

A silver wound in a tortured breast
Than silent lips and a night of rest. . . .

The death of rapture, the loss of light,
A cloudless day, and a starless night.

EVE STANTON.

THE IDEAL GIRL

THOMAS JONES

Much has been said and written recently about the ideal girl. I am a confirmed bachelor, but all the talk both pro and con is very interesting to me. So I considered the question and have decided to voice the qualities I would have my ideal girl possess. If I ever meet this girl, I am sure I shall forget bachelorhood and all its glory and peace, and follow her through thick and thin until she is mine. However, I am not worried about forsaking my state of single blessedness for a few years.

Before giving my opinions on my ideal, I would like to give a few ideas gained from my friends. Realizing that I am very narrow-minded on the subject of the opposite sex and having set standards for them, I decided to solicit the aid of friends in finding out a little more about what our true American girl should be. The question I asked each person was simply what he or she considered to be the finest qualities a woman should possess. The first person I asked, a reserved but likeable girl, answered quickly and decisively, "Self-respect! That is what every woman needs." The answer fairly appalled me. Now, if I had heard my grandmother's view on the question and she had said self-respect, I would not have been at all amazed; but coming from a modern twentieth century girl, it was shocking. After stopping to consider her answer, I saw that it was not far from my own conception. A woman who does not have self-respect can hardly hope to have the respect of others.

The answers became more and more interesting as I progressed, and each was distinctively different from the one before. The first boy I accosted was a studious, virile person who does not, at least to my knowledge, associate to a great extent with girls. Nevertheless, he has a splendid sense of humor and is a deep thinker. He pondered the question with much scowling of face and mumbling, and finally out came the answer. If I was shocked at the first answer, I was completely bowled over by his—one word—six letters in all—"BRAINS!" That's a pal! Not two weeks before he had inferred that I was blind when it came to preferences concerning the fair sex and then he picks on brains! I nearly ran getting to the next person. I needed a change. Everything was becoming too complicated. Was I living in 1933 or in 1833?

To my rescue came a girl with this reply to the stereotyped question: "A girl should feel that she is the most lovely thing created." Now, that, my friends, is an answer! The peculiar thing about this statement was that the one who made it is not vain

or of the flapper type. Instead, she is decidedly a substantial thinker and a good conversationalist dealing mostly with abstract ideas.

Acting as an over-anxious inquiring reporter, I continued my hunt. One girl said that her ideal must have romance. I thoroughly agreed with that. One said her ideal had a love for humanity. I wondered if she had any sympathy for me—a poor suffering human. The last girl gave the answer that I had expected all along—that her ideal must be natural.

Somehow, the majority of the boys had never really stopped to consider what they liked and disliked in a girl. All the girls I interviewed had had very positive answers on how they were trying to make themselves more likeable or loveable—as you will—to the boys. And the boys, like blind mice, didn't know what it was all about.

One boy of social importance said that his girl must have personality. But what is personality? In Clara Bow it is "IT;" in Lady Astor it is brilliance and affability, and in Lynn Fontaine it is superior acting and poise. So, for a person to like a girl with personality is natural, but personality must be defined according to one's taste. I fully expected one of the dashing young Romeos to say that his girl must have beauty and wear her clothes well; but that didn't seem to be the outstanding requirement of one of them.

My own opinion remained unchanged after hearing all these. Here it is. Of all the qualities my ideal will possess, I believe sane intelligence is the greatest. She will not be so intelligent, however, that she will be a misfit and a bore. That would be worse than her being stupid. Next, I wish that she be strikingly outstanding. Paul Lawrence Dunbar expresses it perfectly in the following four lines:

Betcher life 'at I feel proud
When she passes by the crowd.
'T's kinder nice to be a-goin'
With a girl 'at makes some showin'.

My ideal will be a good conversationalist, liberal in her views, but she will be an equally good listener. Being mid-Victorian in the standards of morals I set for women, I believe she will conform to established conventionality. This ideal girl of mine will not be loud in either voice or manner. She will wear well chosen clothes and use cosmetics discreetly. She will enjoy some night-life but will be just as satisfied to spend part of her time in reading good books or in some other profitable manner. She will enjoy chil-

(Continued on Page 54)

SUMMER SORROW

PHILIP HEIST

Poets and other impractical writers, whose imaginations are out of all proportion to their memories, often base their literary efforts on the carefree life of the boy in summer. In glowing and colorful phrases they tell of "The Ol' Swimming Hole," "the cool, shaded forests," "the open fields where flowers bloom and bees are found." However, this picture is somewhat misleading; for, while enthusiastically painting this rosy foreground, they ignore entirely the evil monster lurking in the shadows. I speak of the lawn mower.

School is out for the summer. The boy is technically free. As the days grow warmer and warmer, articles of clothing decrease in weight and in number. Now a "hot spell" arrives. The air becomes humid and heavy, producing a highly uncomfortable, clammy sensation all over the body. The pavements shimmer with heat. The air is motionless. No bird sings, or even gives a half-hearted chirp. The dog, with drooping and dripping tongue, shambles panting under the porch where he regards the world with a dull and aggrieved stare. Throughout this period people consume vast quantities of lemonade and sandwiches as the only means of bodily sustenance.

During these weary days one of the few comforts of the family is the lawn, cool and shaded—a comfort to all but the boy. For him it means endless torture, mental and physical. The mental torture is incurred by the dread and the attempt to procrastinate the physical labor of cutting the lawn.

At last the evil day arrives. Father, with a grave face and in a solemn voice, announces that the lawn must be cut. "And, get at it right away," he adds, "so that it will be done before I get home this noon!" The boy makes an audible expression of his inward misery and proceeds to elaborate on reasons why the lawn should not be mowed that day. But no use! The head of the house is firm. The job must be done.

With lagging steps and with many groans and sighs, the boy descends to the basement to get the detested lawn mower. It is comparatively cool down there. He reflects on the advantages of sitting down and absorbing a little energy from the coolness around him. But alas for his plans! His mother calls to him with instructions to hurry. He di-

rects a glance, which is in no way a loving one, at the mower. Its curved blades seem to be twisted into a leering, insolent smile. With an ugly frown, he jerks it outside where the heat, descending upon him, quickly steams out his last vestige of spirit and energy.

Wearily he begins. At the end of the first cut strip, he rolls up his sleeves. At the end of the second cut, he takes off his shirt. When the third swath is completed, he surveys his work with hopeful eyes. But hope is short lived, for it seems that he has made no impression on the vast expanse of green lawn. Later he again observes the battleground. Better this time! A strip about half the width of the lawn has been conquered. But the exertion has told upon his body. It seems difficult to breathe. A big drop of perspiration rolls down his forehead and onto the tip of his nose, where it hangs pendulously. He is too tired to brush it off. His strength seems to have drained from his body. With a sigh of resignation he sinks down to rest under the leafy tree. There is not a whisper of a breeze—too hot for anything to move, decides the boy. He casts an envious glance at the dog, sleeping under the porch. The pup sighs and turns over in his sleep.

But the boy is not permitted to yield to temptation. "Better get that lawn cut before dad comes home," his little sister calls out. So he makes a fresh start on the seemingly endless task. And, as he pushes the clanking mower down the next row, he idly speculates on the possibility of rigging a fan onto its mechanism.

At last the job is done. With something like a prayer of thanks in his heart, the boy stumbles into the basement with the mower. He manages to drag himself upstairs again, unaided, for a drink of cooling lemonade. For the rest of the day he is exhausted.

It would be that the mind of the boy should now be at ease. But such is not the case. For nature is relentless; nature is infallible. Those well-hated green blades will grow again. But for today the grass is mowed.

Thus ends another great American tragedy. Have a care, poets and visionary writers, when you describe a boy's summer! It is not all pleasure. I know!

FIRE-FLY

The fire-flies are a shuttle,
Threaded with gold,
Leaping and weaving
Through the dusky velvet
Of dark night.

You, my love, are a shuttle,
Threaded with gold,
Leaping and weaving
Through the somber sameness
Of my life.

FRED DREXLER.

CONCERNING CLOCKS

MARY MAE ENDSLEY

While no doubt very useful in their way, clocks are most inconvenient. How sweet seems the life of those ancient people who could leave their hour-glasses turned upside down after all the sand had trickled down and go their way without the everlasting reminder of the too-swift passage of time! Clocks are no trick of nature's ever-watchful anxiety for the comfort of man. Nay, they are the contrivance of some idler who had nothing better to do than to invent devices to harass man for the ostensible purpose of making him efficient.

Now the man who invented clocks—may the curse of Allah fall upon his head—was no ordinary adult male of the human species, but a fiend—a wolf in sheep's clothing—and by his own account a very practical man. The happy-go-lucky life of the people, smooth-flowing as some river, never hurtling over a mountainous bed, irked him considerably, and with Satanic ingenuity he set about trying to find a rock to throw into the slow current. Finally he perfected a piece of mechanism called a clock, destined to make such a splash in the river of life that still the circles on the water are widening.

Craftily he presented it to the world as a benefaction, and the people received it as such. How often their descendants have deplored their gullibility! No home was complete without one, and soon these octopus-like clocks secured a strangle-hold on the whole world. Now, indeed, was the current disturbed. The people tumbled over themselves and one another like rushing waters in their anxiety to keep up with their merciless master, who ever kept ahead of them, pointing a relentless hand—or two, to be exact—toward the turbulent way they must travel.

O, my friends and companions! Revolt against this monster with his inscrutable face! Cast off his bondage! But I see it is too late. We shall go on forever obeying the mandates of our master and winding it every eight days. Let us resign ourselves to fate.

There are, alas, many kinds of clocks. There is the

clock on the courthouse, forever peeping out behind its hands at the city. There is the clock on the mantel, always a few minutes fast or a few slow, making us run unnecessarily or loiter until we discover too late that the thing is dilatory again. There is the electric clock in the kitchen, never fast, never slow, always irritatingly on time—and never running down. There is the alarm clock, most terrible of all, with its raucous

bray every morning to drag us from sweet slumber. And lastly, there is the wrist-watch, the infantile clock, which has the same regrettable propensity as its parents to point out that time is hastening and we are not.

Every clock has a voice, whether it be loud or soft, bold or apologetic, and though it may go at a steady pace or at a sometimes accelerated, sometimes lagging gait, still its hands travel the same path, passing each number on its face twice a day, fourteen times a week, seven hundred and

thirty times a year, going on and on forever. It is not original enough even to change its tone, but must run steadily, monotonously on with but two notes—"tick, tack; tick, tock."

How different is the clock from its ancestor, the hour-glass, timekeeper for the ancients! It was a pleasure to watch the steady trickle of the multi-colored sands of the hour-glass. Moreover, the glass was soundless, and it could be left with all the sand in one compartment while time went on unheeded—an undisputed advantage. But the clock has not the semblance of beauty; its pale, unchanging face, marked with ugly figures, is too round for charm. Then, too, one must not think it puts its hands before its face for modesty; no, it does that to attract attention to itself.

In its complete mastery of us, the clock demands that we wind it before it runs down, and we dachely and submissively obey its signal—the victims of a long-formed habit. If only we could let them all run down and silence their chattering tongues for all time. But that is impossible. We are chained with links of our own farging, and we must bear their weight forever.

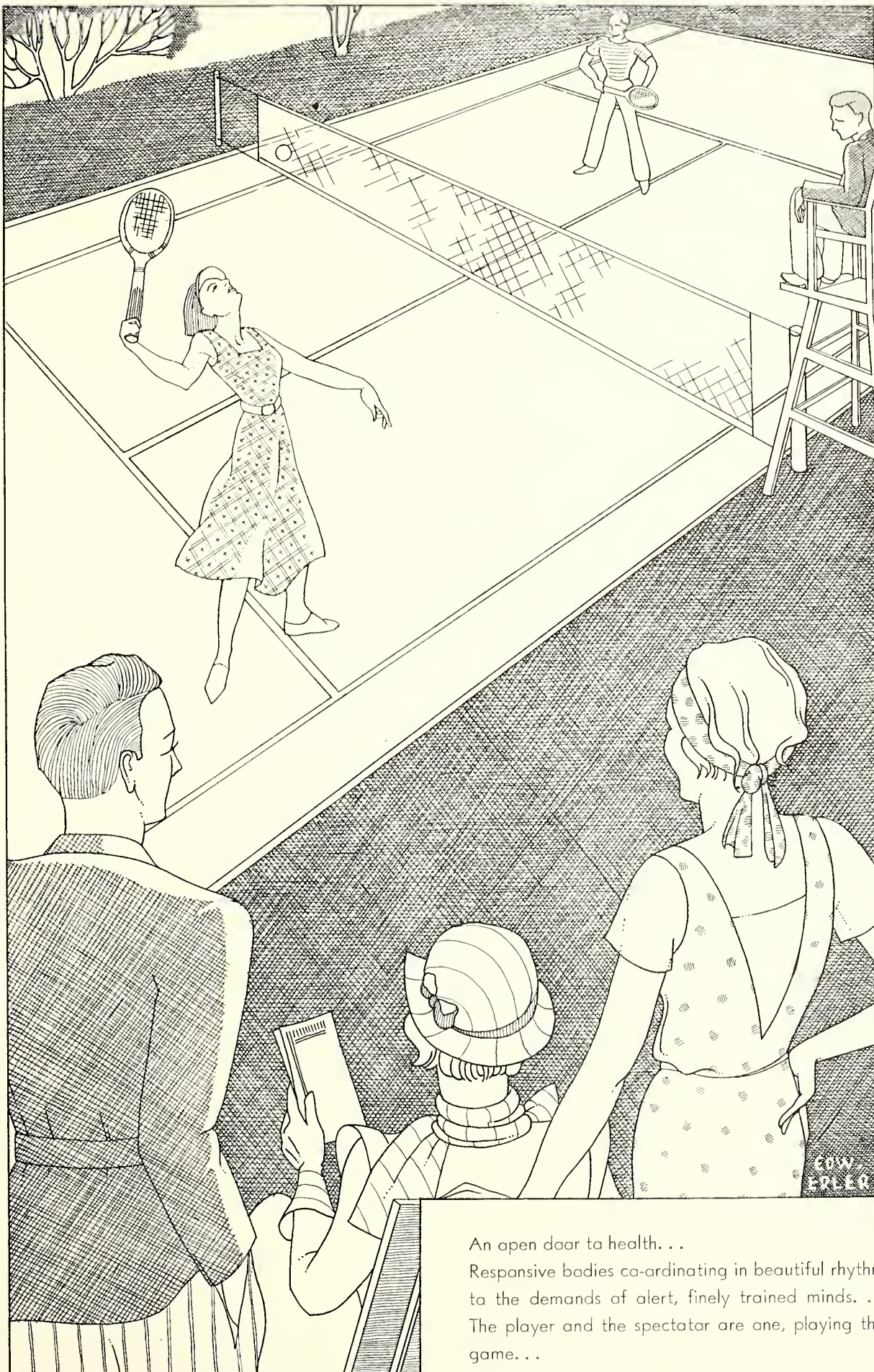
APPRECIATION

I am awed by the sun.
Mighty, majestic, serene, he crasses
the sky
On his endless daily run.

I am delighted by the moon.
Beautiful, alluring, calm, she rides on
high
In a silvery shoon.

I am perplexed by each star.
Tiny points of light, yet bright and
clear,
Winking from afar.

PHILIP HEIST.



An open door to health. . .

Responsive bodies co-ordinating in beautiful rhythm
to the demands of alert, finely trained minds. . .

The player and the spectator are one, playing the
game. . .



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row, left to right: Wayne Huston, James Prather, Jack Woerner, Andrew Pagach, Gervais Fais, Robert Graves.

Back row: Coach Thomas Campbell, Paul Bauman, Leroy Edwards, Manager Fred Garman, John Townsend, Donas Dischinger, Coach Reuben Behlmer.

FIRST TEAM

Tech's Green and White hardwood warriors campaigned successfully through a hard season of basketball play, winning nineteen games and losing two. Then they entered the Sectional to win three games and to lose to Shortridge in the final tilt in a hotly-contested battle.

At the basketball luncheon, seven varsity men received block T's in recognition of service rendered: John Townsend, Wayne Huston, and Pete Graves, forwards; Leroy Edwards, center; and Donas Dischinger, James Prather, and Paul Bauman, guards.

For the fourth consecutive year, Tech won the varsity City Series and captured second place in the North Central Conference race which was won by Loganspart.

Season scores: Tech, 30, Greenfield, 24 (overtime); Tech, 16, Loganspart, 23; Tech 27, Anderson, 26 (overtime); Tech, 41, Calumbus, 36; Tech, 47, Jefferson (Lafayette), 33; Tech, 40, Shortridge, 38; Tech, 39, Rushville, 22; Tech, 40, Muncie, 28; Tech, 35, Lebanon, 19; Tech, 34, Martinsville, 20; Tech, 34, Cannerville, 36; Tech, 30, New Castle, 19; Tech, 24, Frankfort, 23; Tech, 36, Franklin, 23; Tech, 62, Richmond, 30; Tech, 39, Vincennes, 28; Tech, 40, Shelbyville, 30; Tech, 45, Kokomo, 30.

City Series scores: Tech, 42, Braad Ripple, 6; Tech, 47, Washington, 35; Tech, 40, Shortridge, 19.

Sectional scores: Tech, 55, Lawrence, 16; Tech, 20, Southpart, 17; Tech, 35, Warren Central, 18; Tech, 20, Shortridge, 25.

RESERVES

Coach Reuben Behlmer's reserve pastimers came through the 1932-33 season on the hardwood with a victory for every defeat, ending with ten games won and ten games lost.

For the first time, the reserves were unsuccessful in their bid for the Indianapolis B team championship, losing out, 15 to 14, to the Shartridge second team in the final game of the City Series.

Season scores: Tech, 25, Greenfield, 15; Tech, 26, Manual, 14; Tech, 22, Anderson, 30; Tech, 21, Columbus, 22; Tech, 21, Jefferson (Lafayette), 16; Tech, 25, Shortridge, 21; Tech, 29, Rushville, 19; Tech, 20, Muncie, 26; Tech, 18, Lebanon, 29; Tech, 23, Martinsville, 24; Tech, 17, Cannerville, 45; Tech, 23, New Castle, 17; Tech, 12, Frankfort, 27; Tech, 33, Franklin, 16; Tech, 22, Richmond, 28; Tech, 27, Shelbyville, 7; Tech, 15, Kakomo, 17.

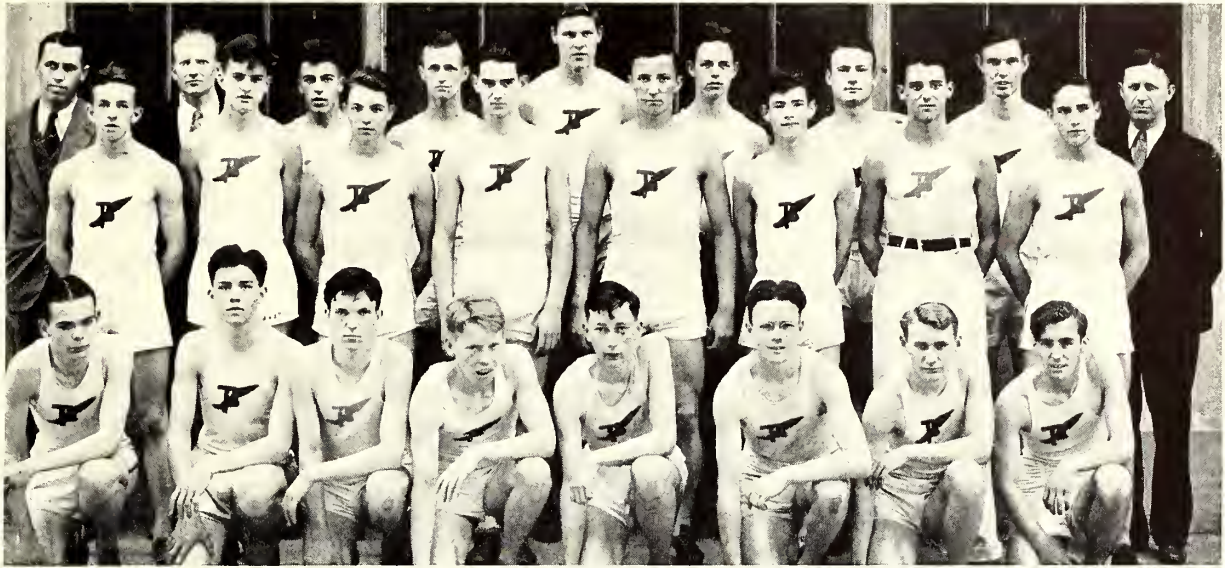
City Series: Tech, 30, Broad Ripple, 16; Tech, 28, Manual, 23; Tech, 14, Shortridge, 15.

FRESHMEN

Tech's freshman team completed a fairly successful basketball season, coached by Mr. C. P. Dagwell.

Under the newly organized rhinie league, composed of the six local high schools, the yearlings, given greater competition, are more apt to develop into future varsity aspirants.

Season games: Tech, 18, Shortridge, 21; Tech, 14, Manual, 15; Tech, 25, Washington, 9; Tech, 25, Cathedral, 14; Tech, 26, Broad Ripple, 10; Tech, 24, Broad Ripple, 12; Tech, 15, Shartridge, 26; Tech, 11, Manual, 16; Tech, 14, Washington, 11; Tech, 39, Cathedral, 22.



THE TRACK TEAM

First row, left to right: Kenneth White, Dovid Behr, Jack Bridwell, Sanford Bennett, Francis Sotterfield, Clifford Campbell, Glenn Ferris, Francis Kaylor.

Second row: George Miller, Franklin Brown, Rolla Burghard, Albert E. Smith, John Skoda, Lewis Bose, Wayne Huston, John Thoeny.

Third row: Paul E. Myers, coach; Reuben Behlmer, coach; Francis Wright, William McArthur, John Townsend, Jock Goory, Henry Bruder, Howard Chaille, Fred R. Gorman, athletic manager.

TRACK

The Tech Harriers opened the 1933 track season, April seventh, with an easy victory over Warren Central, 77 to 40. In this meet, Henry Bruder broke the Tech shot put record with a throw of 50 feet, 8½ inches.

On April fourteenth the Techites journeyed to Kokomo and defeated the Kokomo Wildcats, 62 to 55, but this meet was forfeited later.

With a score of 86⅓ to 30⅔, the fleet-footed Techites chalked up another victory by taking Wiley of Terre Haute, April twenty-first, on the Tech track. Bruder heaved the brass ball in this meet a distance of 52 feet, 6¼ inches again to show his prowess in this event.

In the Kokomo Relays, held April twenty-ninth, around the Kautz Field oval at Kokomo, the Green and White Harriers finished third, with 17½ points, against over four hundred of the best athletes in the state, to continue their excellent record.

On May sixth the Techites finished second in the North Central Conference meet held upon the Tech track, with a score of 37 points, being beaten by their former victims, the Kokomo Wildcats, who won the meet with 64 points.

The Tech thinly-clads bent to Washington by a single point in the sectional track meet May thirteenth. The Continentals had a total of 35 points to Tech's 34. Bruder bettered his own marks in the shot put—50 feet, 9¼ inches.

HEALTH

The new state law requiring two credits in physical education has enlarged the physical training department at Tech to an enrollment of about 1,500 boys and girls. There are 34 classes with an average of a little over 44 pupils in each class.

The state health requirement went into effect at Tech at the start of school last September. It says that each person graduating from high school must have acquired at least one unit, which is the same as two credits, of physical education. It does not, however, affect the undergraduates who were in school when the law was passed. Only those who are physically unfit for this course are excused from attending the classes. The course is intended to improve the health and habits of the student. To obtain a passing grade, certain physical standards must be reached.

Although there is no definite Health department at Tech, several courses are offered in which health is taught. In the hygiene and home nursing classes, the pupils are taught the proper treatment for the sick. The students in the home economics and dress-making classes are instructed as to the correct selection of foods and clothing. The physiology course includes a thorough study of the functions of the body, and of the practical application of first aid.



CORRECTIVE EXERCISES

GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Corrective exercises under the supervision of Miss Hazel Abbett are performed weekly by her first hour girls' physical education class. These individual gymnastics are not to develop muscle, but to start the internal organs of the body functioning properly. The main object of these Danish exercises is to attain health. By bending and stretching unused muscles of the body, correct posture, graceful walking, and chest development are obtained. Active exercises are performed individually, while an assistant is needed in practicing the passive ones. These exercises, which are of special healthful benefit, are given regularly to the classes.

The point system enables every girl to win a school award. A record is kept for each girl. Points are given for the performance of stunts and participation in the daily work. Girls showing marked ability and proficiency in volley ball, archery, baseball, tennis, and basketball held throughout the year, receive as high as 100 points. Points for swimming, hiking, tennis, skating, golf, health habits, and other outside activities are given to each girl. Awards are given to those acquiring 350 points or more.

The first award of a bronze pin is given to the girls making 350 points; the second award of a silver pin is granted for the making of 750 points. The third or highest award is a gold pin, given to those who have made 1,000 points.

Annually the physical education classes have a Play Day when the girls compete in basketball throws, hop step, jump, soccer kick, relays, high jumping, broad jumping, and fifty-yard dashes. Ribbons are given as awards to the three highest in each event.

Approximately seven hundred and forty-four girls are enrolled in the Physical Education department. This does not include the many girls who take part in other outside activities. Miss Hazel Abbett, Mrs. Grace Knight, and Mrs. Evelyn Romeiser are teachers of this course, assisted by Miss Margaret Fox.



First row, left to right: Lynn Lee, Archie Green, Paul Gentry.

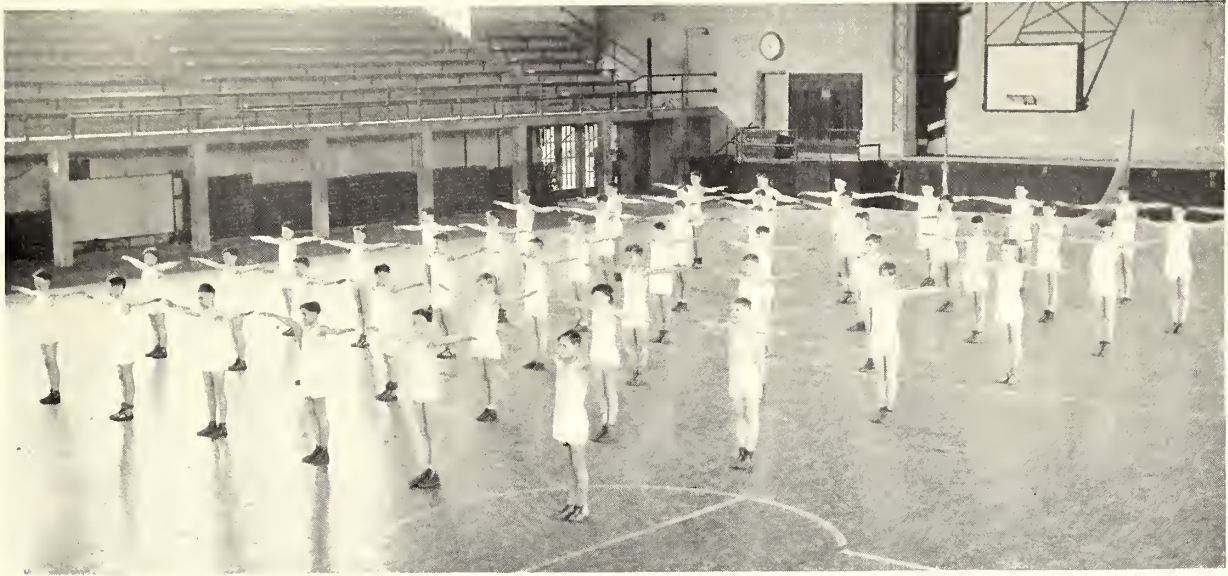
Second row, left to right: Anthony Petric, Wedmore Smith, Fred Gronauer.

GOLF

The Tech golf team experienced a very successful season under the direction of Coach Thomas Campbell.

On April twenty-sixth they opened their schedule against Jefferson of Lafayette and won, 7 to 5; on April twenty-eighth they defeated Batesville, 10½ to 4½; and then suffered a loss to Columbus, 2 to 10, on May fifth. In the next three games they defeated Noblesville on May eighth, 10 to 5; Lafayette, 9½ to 2½, on May tenth; and Columbus by the same score on May twelfth.

May third, Tech defeated Cathedral, 7½ to 4½; May seventeenth, it won from Noblesville, 12 to 6; and May twentieth, Tech won the State Championship at Speedway golf course over 34 schools. Tech players and scores: Fred Gronauer, 75; Anthony Petric, 77; Lynn Lee, 82; Paul Gentry, 83. Total, 317 points.



A BOYS' GYM CLASS

BOYS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

The boys' physical education classes for beginners afford an opportunity for arousing a deep interest in sports. They develop the boys mentally as well as physically, for a quick, alert mind is necessary for participation in sports.

The class activities vary differently in accordance with the weather. Indoor sports consist of volley ball, soccer, basketball, chinning-the-bar, high jumping, and baskets-per-minute. At times two classes will organize against one another and engage in a heated game of volley ball. At the end of a grade period a student's grade is determined by his ability to perform these various activities.

Since last fall students in physical education are graded by letters A, B, C, D, the same as in other classes. These grades are determined from the boys' ability in certain selected activities as well as citizenship, health habits, and attendance. The activities include running, jumping, throwing, chinning, and putting the shot. Citizenship is the student's general attitude in class and around the gymnasium and play field. Health habits include personal cleanliness and the condition of clothing and locker. They also include posture and the general carriage of the body.

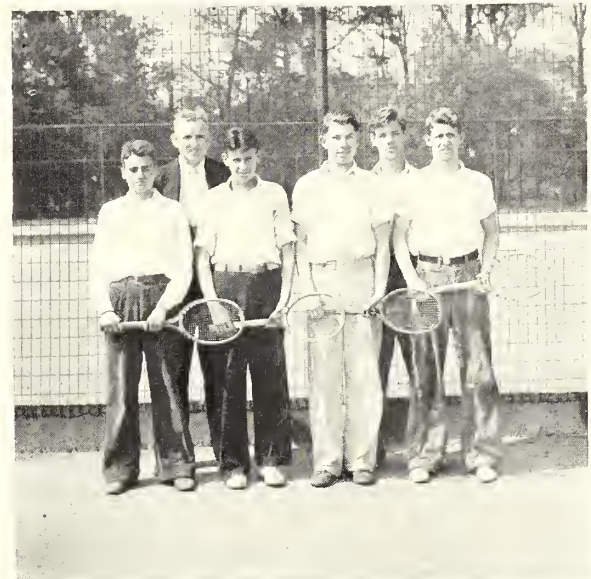
Baskets-per-minute is a new and unusual sport in the physical education classes. The object is for the students to see how many baskets they can make at a standstill beneath the basket.

Outdoor sports consist mainly of baseball, track, tennis, and field events, including pole vault, broad jump, eight-pound shot put, running, broad jump, standing high jump, valley ball, and minor sports which are performed on the practice recreation field.

Each student is given five minutes in which to dress in his gym suit and to get into his place in the lineup for the roll call and inspection.

About ten minutes before the bell rings for dismissal, the boys are sent to the dressing rooms to go through the showers.

The boys' physical education teachers are: Mr. Thomas Campbell, head of the department; Mr. Reuben Behlmer, Mr. Charles Dagwell, and Mr. Paul Myers.



First row, left to right: Robert Morgan, Harry Teegarden, Frank Noffke, Bud Hamaker.

Second row, left to right: Coach C. P. Dagwell, Theodore Lehman.

TENNIS

Although delayed by the rainy weather, the Tech tennis team got under way this spring with a match with Jefferson of Lafayette at Lafayette, April twenty-eighth.

With only two regulars from last year's team, Coach C. P. Dagwell was forced to build up an almost entirely new team. Bud Hamaker and Robert Morgan are number one and two men respectively, with Frank Noffke, Wayne Huston, Harry Teegarden, Ted Lehman, Joe Kesselgrave, and James Keene as other team members.

The team opened the season with a 5-to-2 victory over Jefferson on April twenty-eighth. The following week Tech defeated Manual twice by scores of 7 to 0 and 9 to 0. Tech won the singles and doubles in the North Central Conference, May twenty-second. Hamaker defeated Daggy, Richmond, 6-0, 6-0, and Jackson, Jefferson, Lafayette, 6-2, 6-0. Noffke and Morgan defeated Klein and Small, Jefferson, 6-3, 6-3, and Dwier and Joyce, Kokomo, 6-4, 6-4.

O P E N I N G A N O T H E R D O O R

(Continued from Page 37)

Today as he notices the freshmen scampering to classes, much as the White Rabbit hastened to the Duchess' tea, he views them as Alice did the marvelous bunny with a feeling of astonishment mingled with tenderness. They seem so very young. "Did we really look that young?" he questions his six-foot-two companion. "Did we look so small and childish to seniors? How will these freshmen look four years from now?" He gazes a bit wistfully after them, wishing he might "do it over again" and do it a bit better.

Tech's wide gate is open to young folk to "live to learn and to learn to live." The door has been open twenty-one years to all who wished to enter, and those who have entered and been graduated hold keys to open larger doors. They step with confidence and joy into a broader, richer life.

"From the gate we look Westward and
Know we shall soon be a part of the City,
Building new spires, tearing away old ugliness,
Changing the Vision of the City for those who
come after."

KATHRINE ROSS.

T H E I D E A L G I R L

(Continued from Page 46)

dren and she will find something interesting in aged people.

I would want her to be a good athlete but not to the extent that she would affect mannish attire and speech. I hope she will swim as well or better than I, be a good diver, play a fast set of tennis, dance with unquestionable grace but with dignity, and despise bridge after the third game.

She will never forget that she is a woman, and she will retain her feminine charm and appeal in all she

ever does and says to keep me always guessing.

I know that she will respect my privacy of thinking as I shall hers. She will be sympathetic, always ready with a friendly greeting, and will be able to give credit where credit is due without flattery.

I could go on for hours finding qualities my ideal will possess; but right now I see that she is impossible, only a fancy.

I will have to go on dreaming, dreaming through eternal bachelorhood.

I N A P P R E C I A T I O N

In recognition of the splendid work and co-operation that the departments of the school have given the ARSENAL CANNON in its various projects of this semester, we wish to extend our most sincere thanks to a number of individuals and classes.

We thank Miss Frieda Lillis for supervising the layout for the June magazine; Mrs. Roberta W. Stewart and Mr. Frederick Polley who served as advisors of the art work for the magazine.

In recognition of the art work in this number we express our appreciation to Robert White, who designed the cover; Marion Wortman, who did the hand lettering for the cover; Edward J. Erler, who designed the sports division page; Murel Magee, artist for the autograph page; Don Brown, who drew the art work for the literature and creative arts division pages; Richard Wilkinson, who made the drawing for the activities division page; and Ruth Stultz, who made the drawing for the Senior Pep Song.

We thank Mr. Herbert Traub for taking most of the campus and activity photographs appearing in the magazine, and Denton Littell for assisting the layout editors.

We express appreciation to the judges of the June magazine literary contest: Miss Anna Brochhausen, Miss Florence C. Guild, Miss Helen Tichenor, Miss

Gladys Eade, Miss Lillian Martin, Miss Vance Garner, Miss Helen Thornton, Miss Irene McLean, and Miss Evelyn Kletzing; also all teachers and students who contributed material for the contest.

To Mr. F. W. Billington, who supervised the printing of the cover for the magazine, and to Mr. R. E. Clark, who had charge of setting the type for the senior names, used under the senior pictures, we extend thanks.

We appreciate the efforts of Mr. D. C. Park's advertising class for advertising the all-school dance sponsored by the ARSENAL CANNON, held on April twenty-eighth, and the publicity writing class for the publicity which has appeared in the city papers this semester.

Last but not least we thank all the CANNON agents without whose co-operation the CANNON could not succeed. Special thanks go to the winning high-point salesmen, Rita June Fisher, upper-classman, and Mary Jane Wade, underclassman, and to the twelve other high-point agents: Rosemary Byrket, Edna Smith, Mary Morrison, Maurice Ireland, Eileen Westover, Velma Talbert, Virginia Strang, Homer Shields, Thelma Fitzgerald, Betty Jane Giffin, Margie Willsey, DeWitt Brown, Margaret Kendall, and Unidene Hopkins.

LITTLE ARSENAL ANNIE SAYS:

Hello, everybody! This is Arsenal Annie speaking for the last time from station D. M. H.

Here's our last pome by popular request.

A swell little poet
Was Archibald Slime,
He couldn't be beat
For meter or rhyme.
Iambic pentameter
Was his favorite style,
He could reel it off
By the inch or the mile.
He wrote a sonnet
To his lady's eyebrow
And when she read it
She hit him one. "Pow!"
And that finished Archie;
Alas! We're afraid,
But his lady friend rendered
To literature aid.

(Editor's Note: Ouch! That request wasn't so popular after all. Are we surprised?)

» » « «

Doctor Sockwell says: The little Audrey stories have kinda died out. I haven't heard one for a long time.

(Editor's Note: And we just laughed and laughed.)

» » « «

Women is frickle, but men is frickler.

» » « «

First Senior: Did you hear Baron Munchhausen last night?

Second Ditto: Did I hear Baron munch what?

(Editor's Note: Don't ask us "vas ve dere?")

» » « «

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Marjorie Tretton: A bad break for Tech when I leave.

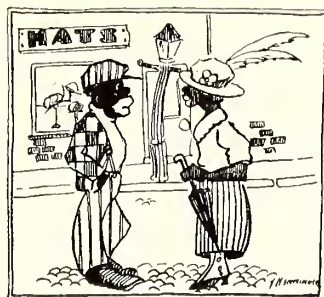
Marion Phipps: Farewell, Tech. Sob! Sob!

Phil Ross: Never mind, Tech, I'll write.

Bob Brinkman: Going, going, gone.

It seems that everything must have an ending . . . good or bad. And so, with the June graduation comes the end of Little Arsenal Annie's column. It has been a distinct privilege as well as a pleasure to write this column, and it is with great regret that I say

Good-bye, good-bye,
ARSENAL ANNIE,
Alias DOROTHY M. HOFF.



He: Oh, what a sweet dress.
You look like an angel!

She: How looks do deceive!



Through our magic telescope, which looks into the future, we see here Ivan Bolorasky, alias McFerrell Hollansworth, engrossed in one of the little diversions which are a part of his daily life. Here he is engaged in strangling some poor chicken which is evidently a member of the Chicken Comfort Committee, judging by the cross. (Or is she seeing stars?)

LAFFIN' 'EM OFF

So, at last it's come to this—parting of the ways; and though my heart is breaking, I must write some humor. The show must go on! Laugh, clown, laugh, though you are dying with grief. So now I present my Senior Commentaries; and if you don't feel like laughing, it is because of Ye Ed's condition.

» » « «

HI-SPOTS OF THE YEAR

Clyde Charnstrom's happy countenance—Darrell Ten Eyck's checkered shirt—Pat Fessler's frown—Ernie Mallory's attempts at humor—Jimmy Gregg's being blase—Frank Bridges, the big chink—Giggling Cleo Carter—Ooooh!

» » « «

And I mustn't forget those essential senior prophecies. Hark! Hark! Salambo Yallah is now going into a trance! What do you see, Salambo? Sh! Ah, music—jazz—Ruth Roblee is doing her famous Dumba Dumba dance on Broadway.—Quiet, more music—Joe Sims is singing one of his harmonious rhythms—Bud Mendenhall also seems to be in a "Sweet Adeline" quartette, and Charles Payne is putting on his Opera in Carnegie Hall.

Quiet, now Yallah is gazing into his crystal.—Ah, I see, Katherine Weiss is the second Marie Dressler now appearing in the Alamo.—Donald Dick is dry cleaning grass.—Mary Tillman is trying to speak to an African in fourteen different dialects and all the African under-stands is English.—Grace Fairchild is a member of the Better Hovels and Huts Committee.—I can also see Donas Dischinger doubling for Douglas Fairbanks in the movies—Ouch! Hey! You just scared Salambo out of his forecast for the future. And as for Ye Ed—his future is the school of hard knocks.

Yours,
HORSENAL HARRY,
Alias HAROLD COOPER.



